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MILITARY MITE

TO THE

MOUNTAIN OF LITERATURE:

OR THE

RHYMES OF A RED COAT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INDIA RELIEF FUND.

QUEBEC:
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1858.

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TO
THE TROOPS IN THE GARRISON OF QUEBEC,
THE RHYMES OF A RED COAT

ARE
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY
Their most obedient

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E .

This being the first, and in all probability the last time, in which the author of this little work will appear before the public in the character of a book-maker, and not supposing that his tiny volume will attract much attention, it would be absurd for him to make any frivolous or obsequious apologies for the purpose of deprecating criticism. It may, however, be necessary to state, that he has no wish to derive either praise or profit from its publication. The former is an unprofitable coin on which he *now* sets little value, and his age and limited education debar him from making any efforts to obtain a share of the latter through the literary bantlings of his brain.

In the present instance, the sole object he has in view, in soliciting the patronage of his friends and the public, is simply this.—Not doubting that a liberal portion of the “India Relief Fund” will be set apart for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those brave men who have fallen, or who may fall, in the sanguinary struggle still going on in that unhappy and benighted land, he is extremely anxious to contribute his mite to that great work of charity ; but not being able to spare any part of his own small income, for that purpose, without doing an injustice to a large family, he, after much hesitation, and at the suggestion of a few friends, decided on making this appeal, in the hope that he might thereby be enabled to gratify this wish. And he has a hopeful presentiment that he will succeed ; for some, no doubt, will buy the book to aid his good intention, some as being his personal friends, and some from motives of mere curiosity.

Most of the fugitive pieces it contains, though never before published, were written many years ago ; some with, and others without an aim, save that of indulging an idle propensity. In point of morality they are not what he would *now* wish them to be ; but even on that score, he trusts they express nothing objectionable. They are, as the title page intimates, the productions of a soldier ; one who, though far advanced in years, is still in the military service of his country, into which he entered before he had attained his fourteenth year. In that service he did, for for several years, occupy a much loftier position than he does now, but he was raised to that position under peculiar circumstances, such as he trusts will never more occur in the country of his adoption ; and though he may have some cause to complain at being obliged, by no fault of his own, to descend from a higher to a lower grade in his profession, he does not pretend to possess greater abilities than the generality of his present comrades, nor to have received a better education. In truth, many, very many of them, young men too, have a decided advantage over him in these respects ; and with the opportunities that are now afforded them, if they could be induced, by any means, to cultivate the talents which God has given them, and devote those leisure hours, that, he regrets to say, are too frequently wasted in idleness and dissipation, to the improvement of their minds, and the acquisition of useful knowledge, the Army would send many soldiers back to their early friends, and the homes of their childhood, on the expiration of their ten years service, who would afterwards become, not only useful members of society, but a comfort and blessing to their aged parents, and an honor to the place of their nativity ; whose example would reflect credit on their former profession—increase its popularity, and attract more recruits to its ranks, than all the vicious lures of former years—the anticipated spoils of such cities as Delhi, or the more honorable ambition of gaining rewards and promotion, and winning, by deeds of valor, the proud distinction of being decorated with the Victoria cross of honor, by the hands of Her Most Gracious Majesty, or her successors.

Much has been done of late years to improve the social condition of the lower grades of the service, and increase their bodily comforts in times of peace ; but of all the benefits conferred on them, none will tend so much to elevate their moral and intellectual character as the new " School Regulations," and the establishment of Lecture and Reading Rooms. The ultimate good they may reap from these no one can possibly foretell, but their first fruits will not be long in making their appearance. Indeed, unmistakeable symptoms of a growing desire to participate in the blessings that flow from education, are already manifesting themselves in the little garrison of Quebec, and this desire, no doubt, is felt, or soon will be felt, in every garrison—home or colonial—throughout the wide extent of the British empire.

Much, however, depends on the encouragement they may receive from their officers. They, in general, are highly educated gentlemen, and with them rests the power, aided by their non-commissioned officers, to forward or retard the progress of this new movement. They need be under no apprehension that education will ever lessen the courage of British soldiers in the field, or render them less docile or tractable in camp or quarters. Let them consult the criminal records of their regiments—the courts martial and defaulters' books—they will learn from them that the ignorant and uninstructed are ever foremost in creating mischief and discontent among their comrades, and are themselves the most obnoxious to insubordination and breaches of military discipline. Let them, therefore, for their own sakes, encourage this legitimate and commendable thirst for learning. Let them bear in mind that the present and future welfare of 200,000 of their fellow creatures, even in this life, and in all probability for many years to come, depends in a great measure on their example and voluntary assistance. Let them remember also, that, under the " ten years' act," a tithe of this great number will return to civil life every year, and as they have been trained, so will they become peaceable or turbulent citizens—a credit or a disgrace to their kindred and their former profession, and a blessing or a curse to society. O ! let them not therefore say, either in public

or private—in joke or in earnest—that they know nothing, and care nothing about the moral character of their men, if they but do their duty correctly as soldiers ! Let them place no faith in the thoughtless assertions of those who foolishly say that the greatest blackguards are the most daring and brave in the day of battle ! But, above all, let them not stigmatise this new movement as a “ great bore,”—an education mania that will not last—and exclaim : ’Tis all bosh ! all humbug ! Few know how keenly private soldiers feel the force of ridicule. There, indeed, they are frequently cowards. Many a man who climbed the fiery heights at Alma with a courageous cheer, and faced without flinching, the deadly showers of grape and musketry from the Russian batteries, has been known to abandon his firm resolve to become a better man, by overhearing the witty, but wicked sarcasms of his superiors ; and many others, far less excusable, have been driven from their stern purposes of amendment by the coarse gibes, rude remarks, and ironical taunts of their barrack room companions.

Having ventured to hint this much to young officers, the author must not neglect to remind his young comrades of the deep debt of gratitude they owe to his Royal Highness, the Commander-in-Chief, the present right honorable the Secretary of State for war—and all those who take so lively an interest in their welfare. Soldiers of the present day are not worried and tormented with tight clothing and starched ruffles, pipe clay and polished firelocks, heel balls, hair powder and opthalmia ; as were those of preceding generations, and this they know ; but they enjoy other immunities, privileges, and advantages, of which they do not appear to be altogether aware, or at least fully to appreciate ; he will, therefore, at the risk of being accused of tautology, republish a letter written by him on this subject, which the proprietor of the “ *Quebec Gazette* ” very kindly inserted in the columns of that long established and popular journal. It is as follows :—

SIR,—As I was an eye-witness to the high honor conferred on Sergeant Smith of the 17th Regiment, last Saturday morning, and the kind and impressive manner in which the Major General

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commanding, with his own hands, placed the Victoria cross of honor on that gallant soldier's breast, I can vouch for the correctness of the account you gave of the proceedings on that interesting occasion ; but, as I am a very old soldier myself, and cannot agree with all your preliminary observations, will you permit me, if it be not trespassing too far on your valuable space, to make a few additional remarks, as contrasted with the present improved condition of the British soldier, to show the advantages he has over his comrade of former years ; and as I have been intimately acquainted with his habits and character for nearly half a century, to hazard an opinion on the further benefits the service may expect to derive from this new system of granting rewards for good conduct, and not trusting altogether to the dread of punishment for the repression of crime.

I recollect the time well, a great many years ago, it is true, when the private soldier had few advantages to boast of. With the exception of a chance step of promotion to the rank of Corporal or Company Sergeant, (there were no Color Sergeants then,) he had no other reward or promotion to hope for, however highly he might have been educated, or however exemplary his character might be. He was little cared for by his countrymen in those days ; scantily supplied in barracks with the comforts and conveniences of life ; irregularly and indifferently fed ; unprovided with any places of instruction or amusement, except the canteen ; and with a long and dreary prospect of unlimited service before him, living under the continual dread of a cruel and disgraceful punishment for the slightest breach of military discipline. Now, notwithstanding all the hardships, privations, sufferings and dangers that have fallen to his lot within the last two or three years, (and I confess they have not been few,) how different is the condition of the soldier of the present day ? His period of service is limited. He is well fed and comfortably clothed ; afforded means and opportunities of acquiring education almost to any extent ; amply provided in barracks with comforts, conveniences and amusements ; eligible for promotion, even to the highest rank in his profession, if qualified for such ; entitled to numerous annuities, gratuities, pensions, additional pay, and badges of distinction for good conduct, long service, and meritorious actions ; enjoys the sympathy and admiration of his fellow countrymen, and what, perhaps, is better than all, he is seldom called to witness the painful spectacle of a comrade soldier quivering under the lash ! Very seldom, indeed, for that slave-like punishment—to use no harsher epithet—which I have frequently seen inflicted two or three times in one week, and to the extent of from 100 to 900 blows, is now restricted to 50, and should I live a few years longer, I sincerely hope to see it blotted altogether from the articles of war.

Yes, Sir, most assuredly, a liberal distribution of these rewards—if free from favoritism—by creating a spirit of emulation among the men, will do more to eradicate that degrading vice which has been so long a standing reproach to the British soldier, and, in truth, the principal cause of all his crimes, than the most severe punishments that could be inflicted; and though recent events have shewn that they can scarcely add to his bravery in the field, will, I trust, in a few years, by the blessing of divine providence, raise his moral and intellectual character to that standard of respectability which it appears to be the unanimous wish of the nation it should attain to. You may well believe that the writer of this devoutly prays for so desirable a consummation.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

VETERAN.

Quebec, 6th August, 1857.

In the foregoing address, the author has carefully endeavored to avoid saying anything that might give offence; yet he fears there may be some who will deem him presumptuous, or even impertinent, in thus obtruding his crude opinions on the public in so familiar and monitory a style. If, unfortunately, he shall incur the displeasure of any such, he can only plead in extenuation of his fault the privileged garrulity of old age and long service, and the strong feeling he entertains in favor of educating young soldiers; those who, at the imperative calls of duty, go cheerfully forth to the uttermost parts of the earth—to the most pestilential climes under the sun—there to encounter danger, disease and death, in defence of the just rights of their country and the crown, and pour forth their blood freely, as their comrades are now doing, to preserve inviolate the prestige of their own invincibility and the great and glorious conquests of their forefathers. Surely such men are worthy of a nation's care and gratitude.

One word to this already protracted and somewhat egotistical preface, and he has done.

Although it is no vain wish to be accounted a clever fellow, that brings him before the public—no juvenile aspiration to gloat over his productions in print, nor a morbid hankering after notoriety—he nevertheless has an idea that those who honor his little book with their notice, will not rise from its perusal with dissatisfaction, nor cast it aside with a feeling of contempt and disappointment.

In conclusion, he begs leave to remind his friends once more, that however urgent he may be in soliciting their favors, it is for no selfish or unworthy purpose ; nor is he a candidate for fame, either present or posthumous ; for, whatever fanciful notions of ambition he may have nourished in bygone years, he is now so far advanced on the march of life, that he may daily expect, in the course of nature, to reach

“That bourne from whence no traveller returns,” and enter on a higher, and he tremblingly hopes, a better immortality than that of an author.

Courteous reader, farewell ! May health and happiness be your constant attendants throughout the year that is just begun ; and that He who is the author of peace and lover of concord, may crown our arms with success, and speedily restore these inestimable blessings to every part of Her Majesty's dominions, is the sincere and fervent prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

QUEBEC, 1st January, 1858.

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THE COMMUTED PENSIONER;

A TALE OF OTHER YEARS.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

[This metrical tale was written before the eleemosynary allowance of 4½d. per diem was granted to the commuted pensioners; and at a time when many of these poor fellows were in a most deplorable state of destitution.]

Adieu ! fair autumn, wither'd all and dead,
Wild whirling in November's surly squalls,
In leafy showers rustling around my head,
Thy many-colour'd foliage thickly falls.
Oft have I linger'd in thy greenwood hall,
Inhaling health from ev'ry balmy breeze,
While airy shapes—at retrospection's call—
Would spring to life, and people all thy trees
With forms of long lost friends and scenes beyond the seas.

Sweet season of the west, farewell a while ;
Ere the revolving year once more can meet
The mellow softness of thy sunny smile,
How many beating hearts must cease to beat ?
How many must exchange th' enjoyment sweet
Of happiness and hope for grief and woe ?
Disease, mischance and death, with footsteps fleet,
Pursue health, love and life, where'er they go,
To strike, when least prepared, th' unexpected blow.

Now, commerce has curtail'd her summer train,
And groups of idlers to the taverns flee
To spend—till urged by want to toil again—
Their hard-earn'd gains in reckless mirth and glee.
Now the rude raftsmen's chorus, " Don't you see
The snow is coming ?—time for us to go,"—
Foretells the fate of many an aged tree,
Crackling and crashing 'neath each sturdy blow,
That, like the whirlwind's breath, lays leagues of forest low

Now, winter drear, slow hirpling from the north,
With cold, unwelcome breath, begins to blow ;
Yet, in my youth, oft have I sallied forth
To hail, with rapture, his first fall of snow.
Oft danc'd with joy, when he, o'er all below,
His hoary mantle spread ; and, with much grace,
Hung fleecy garlands on each leafless bough ;
Crept, with congealing touch, from place to place,
'Till nature, dormant, lay lock'd in his stern embrace.

And still, with gladness, I can see and hear
 Gay, happy groups, in youth and beauty's pride,
 With merry sleigh-bells, tinkling far and near,
 Athwart his ice-bound waters, swiftly glide ;
 Or wand'ring forth at eve, when storms subside,
 And stillness reigns around, how grand to view
 The parting clouds roll backward, far and wide ;
 The opening sky, in splendour, bursting through,
 Array'd in dazzling sheen, with silver, gold and blue.

The midnight hour, clear as the noon of day,
 Myriads of stars, in many a brilliant wreath ;
 The moon, refulgent, holding regal sway,
 O'er azure realms, where winds no longer breathe ;
 Sparkling with diamond, seems the snow-clad heath,
 The borealis, dancing through the sky,
 A robe of spotless purity beneath
 The glorious canopy of heaven on high,
 While nature's mirrors broad like sleeping oceans lie.

Nor lacks he pastimes for the city crowd :
 The festive board and fascinating ball,
 Music and mirth, song, tale and converse loud,
 Shorten his longest nights in hut and hall ;
 But scenes like these my unskill'd muse recall
 Back to her humble theme—the veteran's wail ;
 More lofty strains from higher harps must fall.
 For, sooth to say, her's is a simple tale,
 But truth may touch the heart when well-wrought fictions
 fail.

The night was dark, and, with a piercing sweep,
The angry storm howl'd round the dismal scene ;
Untrodden lay the snow, half fathom deep,
The ancients of the land—wise men, I ween—
Declar'd a night more wild had never been
Known to themselves, or noted by their sires,
Than this, whereon my muse contrived to glean
The hist'ry of the man whose fate inspires
A reed of Scotia's growth to cope with costly lyres.

But lamps were burning brightly in one hall,
And shouts of merriment were heard within.
The storm, unheeded, roar'd around the wall,
Drowned by the uncheck'd revelry and din
That eve, (November's last,) to welcome in ;
Assembled were a brave and hardy band,
T' uphold the customs of their absent kin,
Invoke a blessing on their sweethearts, and
Their own, their lately left, their much-lov'd fatherland.

Of rank obscure, for they were lowly born,
Yet was their bearing graceful, bold and free ;
Each ruddy cheek and manly limb, unworn
By time or toil ; hearts, frank and full of glee ;
Such men as gentle dames delight to see ;
Such men as Britain's foes with terror view,
But to their country dear, and dear to me,
Dear as their tartans and their bonnets blue,
The emblems of a land where life's first breath I drew.

A land that I may never, never see ;
 Ah, never more, save in the midnight dream
 That bears my sleepless spirit o'er the sea,
 Companionship with by-gone years to claim,
 To gaze on glowing landscapes ; still the same
 As erst they were when I, with rapt'rous joy,
 Rov'd like the wild deer round my native hame ;
 An unrestrained, light-hearted, happy boy,
 That quaff'd life's sparkling cup, nor deemed 't would ever
 cloy.

The wimplin burn, the bonnie broomy knowe,
 The heath-clad hill and dearest glen on earth,
 Where hawthorn sweet and honeysuckles grow
 Around the white-washed cot that gave me birth ;
 To see the fair-haired lassies tripping forth,
 My playmates bounding o'er the heather blue ;
 To hear, or seem to hear, their very mirth,
 The blithesome skirl, the exulting, wild, halloo,
 As butterfly or bee they eagerly pursue.

" Home, home, sweet home," the load-star of our love,
 While reason reigns we see thee ever clear ;
 While life's short taper burns, where'er we rove,
 'Mid crowded cities, or through forests drear,
 Our hearts still turn to thee ; for thee we cheer
 The glowing hope that kindles at thy name ;
 But that, alas ! recedes, year after year,
 Until the once bright and ethereal flame
 Returns to yonder heaven, whence its first radiance came.

"Home, home, sweet home," there's music in that word,
A thrilling tone that makes the absent start,
And wakes to joy each patriotic chord,
Entwined by nature round the human heart.
Some part to meet again, but others part
Full of high hope, who never more shall meet,
Pursuing fortune through the world's wide mart ;
Until, too late, they find their weary feet
Doom'd, in some foreign land, to weave their winding sheet.

"The land we live in," is a grateful toast ;
"The land we came from," makes our heart's blood boil
The earth has many a bleak and fertile coast,
Old ocean many a fair and barren isle ;
The sons of all forced from their native soil,
The southern slave a galling chain to wear,
The free-born of the north to seek for toil,
Alike the fever of home sickness share,
And pine beneath the bonds that hopeless exiles bear.

The feast was spread, and from that happy corps
Cheers, loud and loyal, echoed round the room ;
Thoughts on the future—that will sometimes o'er
Man's brightest moments cast a shade of gloom—
Were banish'd from the breasts of those to whom
All in this opening world seemed rich and rare ;
No battle-fields where deadly bullets boom—
No dissipation deep nor other care—
Had come, as yet, to cloud their prospects fresh and fair

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Song, tale, and jest went round the merry ring,
 The circling goblet's speed none there could blame ;
 Too oft, alas, convivial banquets bring
 On hearts of kindest mould, remorse and shame.
 The gallant soldier, o'er the field of fame,
 With crimson hand and callous heart must go ;
 But when the victory 's won, he hastes to claim
 The kindlier task to soothe a comrade's woe,
 Or tends with anxious care, his fall'n and bleeding foe.

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But by intemperance his life is curs'd,
 Though punishment, disease, and death outstretch
 Their threatening arms, to warn him of the worst,
 He cannot shun the fiend's alluring fetch.
 Mark the result—a poor, half-perish'd wretch,
 Stands shivering on the floor, speechless and pale ;
 His miserable plight I may not sketch,
 Nor his unseemly raggedness unveil ;
 Too oft, alas, we meet such mis'ry in detail.

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“ O God, give us this day our daily bread,
 And keep us from temptation”—so we pray—
 And he who has no-where to lay his head—
 No morsel for his mouth—amen may say.
 And such was he, the hero of my lay ;
 Sneer not—read on—and you from him may learn
 That thousands win, who never wear, the bay ;
 While others wear, who yet are doom'd to yearn
 Until they sleep, unknown, beneath some nameless cairn.

No vile, unmannered mendicant was he,
 With sloth-created woe, and canting tone ;
 Albeit his plight 'twas pitiful to see,
 Much self-reproach was mingled with his moan.
 Not always had he been a thing so lone—
 Not often had he quail'd to storm or strife—
 Man and the elements to him were known,
 In all their wildest moods, with ruin rife—
 Ere sad experience drugg'd the cup of his young life.

His sunken eye had seen proud foes advance ;
 His dull ear heard contending chiefs renew
 Th' inspiring shouts, charge, Britain ! forward, France !
 Oft had his steel gleam'd in the red review,
 Green is the tree where his last laurel grew,
 Its roots are nourish'd in a nation's grave—
 The grave of those who yet were passing true,
 And nobly fell for him they could not save—
 When Albion's sons subdued the bravest of the brave.

But life, to retrospective age appears
 Far different from youth's panoramic toy—
 Unsepulchre a few forgotten years,
 Then cast a look on yonder lovely boy—
 How many visions fraught with future joy
 For him, the first and last she ever bore,
 His watchful mother's anxious thoughts employ,
 Till God's command is broken, bending o'er
 The idol that she loves to worship and adore.

Can mental eye the least resemblance trace,
 In lineament or line, between *this* wild—
This wither'd aspect—and *that* blooming face—
This abject wretch—and *that* exulting child ;
 And yet the clay of both has but defil'd
 One soul immortal ; but a weight of woe
 By folly, war, time and misfortune piled,
 Has crush'd that spirit's tenement so low
 That she who gave him birth, her offspring would not know.

But where is she ? does she no longer feel
 That love which oft outlives all other love ?
 Or weeps she for the woe she fain would heal,
 But lacks the means and med'cine to remove ?
 Alas ! her gentle spirit was inwove
 So closely with the worldly weal of his,
 That, when young passion sent him forth to rove,
 She sank beneath bereavement's parting kiss—
 The canker worm that wastes love's flow'ry beds of bliss.

Humbly she bent beneath the Chastener's rod,
 And paid the penalty fond mortals pay,
 Whose warm affections wean their souls from God,
 To worship fair created things of clay.
 Calm as a cloudless eve she pass'd away,
 And, when his much-loved partner was no more,
 The sterner parent made no lengthened stay ;
 'Twas well ordained ; they lived not to deplore
 The wreck of their fond hopes, thus spurn'd from door to
 door.

O charity ! thou heaven-descended maid !
 How oft thy self-concealing cloak we see
 Worn by hypocrisy, who lends her aid
 To hide the hollow heart—for such has he—
 The modern egotistic Pharisee,
 Whose deeds are blazon'd forth in places high,
 But who, on unobtrusive poverty,
 Known by the silent tear, and deep-drawn sigh,
 Scarce deigns to cast a glance of his contemptuous eye.

Hypocrisy ! thou school'st the human heart
 (Not hard the task, when men for evil train,)
 To play in public, Enoch's pious part ;
 In private, to outdo the deeds of Cain.
 He who sojourns in camps can seldom gain
 Experience in thy double-dealing school ;
 Yet, evil as thou art, he hugs the chain
 Of demons worse than thou, whose iron rule
 Ends not until he dies, a poor degraded fool.

Such was the fate that on this vet'ran fell,
 Though now he rests where grief is felt no more.
 Let me recall him thence, that he may tell
 Of love and war ; for much he saw, and bore,
 Whilst aiding nations struggling to restore
 To Europe's hands the balance of her power ;
 When France and Spain were fertilised with gore,
 And Egypt's heaviest plague became their dow'r ;
 The gift of him whose name made lesser despots cower.

How changed since then : crush'd, spiritless and weak ;
 Within that hall he stood like grim despair.
 The soldiers chaf'd his pale and clay-cold cheek,
 And shook the storm flakes from his hoary hair ;
 Hoary, but not with years, for grief and care,
 Those harpies foul, that feed on man's decay,
 More than the hand of time, had helped to bare
 And bleach the uncomb'd silver locks that lay
 Round that devoted head, in tangles thin and grey.

No churls are they who follow war's wild art,
 Though scenes of woe familiar are to such ;
 Of what they had, they freely offered part.
 What matters it how little or how much ?
 The means must mete the gift of pity, which
 To low as well as high yields pure delight ;
 The ostentatious offerings of the rich
 Are not so pleasing as the widow's mite
 To Him who sees and reads man's moral acts aright.

But I forget, and like most unfledged bards,
 Enraptur'd with my rhapsody, still chime
 On man and morals, punishments, rewards,
 Love, hate, life, death, eternity or time,
 Aught that will jingle to his doggerel rhyme ;
 The teeming tyro of Parnassus learns
 Regardless or ridiculous, or sublime,
 To coin within his brain until it turns,
 Then—deems himself at least an embryo Scott or Burns.

Now for my theme, haply too long delay'd—
But I have lov'd and liv'd with those whose lot
Was hard and hazardous—a life unstaïd,
Girt with temptations great, yet would I not
Attempt to screen the glaring stains that blot
The brilliant records of their deathless fame—
No ! rather let me point to each dark spot,
To warn the future warrior that his aim
Should ever be to shun his coffin'd comrades' shame.

Soon as returning life repaid their care,
The soldiers saw their guest with much surprise—
Albeit their proffer'd cup he would not share—
Gaze on their garb with wet and wistful eyes,
As if their proud profession he could prize,
But knew full well the snares around it spread ;
And when they learn'd, though now in tatter'd guise
That he by haughty chieftains had been led—
And in his country's cause had bravely fought and bled.

They press'd him much his cause of grief to tell.
He raised his feeble arm—he had but one—
To stay the tear-drops that began to swell,
And down their deep and care-worn channels ran ;
He leant his brow upon his staff to scan,
Th' events of other years—his wayward fate—
Then slowly raised his head, and thus began
His touching tale of sorrows to relate,
While all within that hall in list'ning silence sate.

THE VETERAN'S TALE.

PART FIRST.

How blest is he who, fearing God,
 Glides calmly through this vale of tears,
 Retreads the paths he oft has trod,
 Nor murmurs at his length of years.
 Scarce forty tell my age and youth,—
 Nay, smile not—though you well may deem
 This furrow'd cheek and shape uncouth,
 Life's ripest year but ill beseem.

Woe's me ! nor time, nor toil can bow
 So soon the strong man's vig'rous frame,
 Nor plow so deep the polish'd brow
 As self-wrought grief, remorse, and shame.
 Beset with these the livelong day,
 Friendless and poor this world I tread,
 Uncertain where at night to lay
 My wearied limbs and aching head.

A hapless wretch by folly thrown
 Far from the land I dearly prize,
 In this strange clime to sigh and moan
 Till some strange hand shall close mine eyes.
 Oh, death ! why leave thy lawful prey,
 Pale misery's care-worn haggard race,
 Sweet budding beauty, childhood gay,
 And blooming infancy to chase.

Life's summer morn flew o'er me fast ;
Slow, slow, its winter night creeps on
With dark'ning clouds of woe o'er cast ;
Would that my dream of life were done !
An impious wish—but not a vain—
For o'er the veteran's peaceful grave,
Ere autumn gilds the ripening grain,
Wild birds will sing and sweet flowers wave.

To you, brave boys, my thanks are due,
Alas ! what else have we to give,
Who rank among the wretched few
That cannot die, yet scarcely live ;
May honor guide you in the field,
And crown you with a bright reward ;
But O ! where'er your arms you wield,
May prudence still your footsteps guard.

And when your bay'nets wildly sweep
O'er fields of blood in needless wrath,
Blush not if you at times should weep,
For mis'ry oft will cross your path.
What mercy dictates never blame,
And still this maxim bear in mind,
Compassion's tear ne'er sullied fame—
The truly brave are ever kind.

To Scotland's sons this day is dear,
To every bosom, e'en to mine,
That echoes back each loyal cheer,
But in its joys no more can join ;
For gentle spring will soon restore
To fields and flowers their wonted bloom ;
But ah ! the wither'd heart no more
Its former freshness can resume.

And mine was sear'd by groans and sighs,
Ere manhood's prime had o'er it passed,
And sever'd from all kindred ties
That early life around it cast ;
Those silken bands sent from above
To bind the sons of men together,
Friendship, society, and love,
All, all, are torn from me forever !

Nor wine nor mirth can gladden me,
Untasted now the cup I pass ;
Yet marvel not why this should be,
For I have drain'd the deadly glass
Till fancy filled with fearful things,
My sleepless, wild, and burning brain ;
For mad intemp'rance ever brings
Unearthly punishment and pain.

With deeds of war your songs are rife ;
In that wild game I've played a part :
This breast, that scarcely beats with life,
Once held a light and dauntless heart,
That oft has met, at break of day,
With many a warrior, proud and high,
Who, long ere sunset, lifeless lay,
Without a shelter, save the sky.

Not willingly would I relate
Whate'er I've felt, or yet may feel,
A tale that might in aught abate
The patriot's glow or soldier's zeal.
Ah, no ! while one red drop remains
Within this lonely heart to spill,
That latest drop my country claims—
The wretched outcast loves her still.

But those who go where glory leads,
For many perils must prepare,
Ere they achieve those wond'rous deeds
That captivate the young and fair.
All honor give to those who fan
Your native fire with their effusions—
But ever blameless hold that man
Who warns you 'gainst their vain delusions

Impressions that young minds receive,
Too soon to be erased by time ;
Their tales are day-dreams that deceive,
But stern realities were mine.
Those hardships dire that oft impart,
When war's dark veil aside is torn,
Thoughts to the young and careless heart
Held until then in utter scorn.

The bivouac, 'mid frost and snow,
Or burning sands 'neath skies of flame,
With ague fit and fever throe,
Can well the wildest spirits tame.
Long vigils, toil, and lack of food,
When cannons, from the compass'd wall,
Send forth, in eager quest of blood,
Their hurtling showers of grape and ball.

The weary march, o'er hostile plains,
With blister'd feet and burning thirst ;
To lag is death or prison chains—
An earthquake welcome meets the first ;
From bomb and ball and bristling steel,
While pressing on in proud array,
Oft has it been my lot to feel
The pomp and pain of such a day.

On lurid plains with life-blood wet,
'Mid clouds of smoke, and peals of thunder,
When countless hosts contending met,
And heaven and earth seemed riven asunder
But day would dawn ere I could tell
What deeds were done, what ills endur'd,
When o'er the breach with conqu'ring yell
Unbridled rage and rapine pour'd.

O spare, land of the fair and free !
One tear-drop for the fate of those
Who, long and well, from thine and thee,
Averted such heart-rending woes.
In peaceful years, save when he's sent
To guard some pestilential isle,
The soldier's life in comfort spent,
May seem to mock the peasant's toil.

But, who can tell that soundly sleep,
How much we suffer for their sakes,
Who guard the land, or plough the deep,
When war from years of slumber wakes.
Believe me, bays but seldom grow,
Unless bedew'd with tears or blood ;
And oft when won, they clasp a brow
Where cank'ring care and sorrow breed.

Of all who climb with frantic rage,
The thorny steep where laurels bloom,
How few can history's living page
Rescue from dull oblivion's tomb.
But restless man, his cobweb plans
Of fancied greatness spins with care ;
Fame, pomp, and power, with envy scans,
For these to him seem wondrous fair.

With efforts vain, he strains his eye,
And fain the future would disclose ;
But that he lives, and soon must die,
Is all he ever surely knows.
The mighty schemes, the worldly cares,
O'er which he frets and toils and grieves,
Are not less fleeting than the snares
The persevering spider weaves.

Great Caesar's triumphs scarce could mock
Napoleon's in fame and splendour ;
His vacant grave and prison rock,
A moral point to gore-built grandeur.
Yet some, whose glory ne'er will fade,
The world's applause have justly won ;
But these drew freedom's faultless blade,
And sheath'd it when their task was done.

In this pure band, tho' not the first,
With lasting fame and honor crown'd,
Stands Erin's son ; the chief who burst
The bonds that prostrate Europe bound.
Nor least, Columbia's darling child,
Who first her starry flag unfurl'd,
And fearless trod her forests wild,
The Wallace of this western world.

Should war again his trumpet sound,
And gentle peace once more take wing,
May your bright deeds like theirs be found
Fit themes for patriot bards to sing.
But while the joys of youth you taste,
O ! shorten not their dubious length,
For sloth will rust, and riot waste,
Exub'rant health and manly strength.

While glory's footsteps you pursue,
Beware of pleasure's tempting snare ;
Be active, brave, but temp'rate too,
Then you may win, and well may wear,
The crown of fame ; a costly gem,
Which high and mighty princes prize,
Beyond the sparkling diadem,
That oft has dimm'd a nation's eyes.

Yet this proud wreath, I shame to say,
Was oft disgraced, when dearly won,
By such as you who hear my lay,
When all their daring deeds were done.
They met with boundless flow of soul,
To pledge, and quaff, and shout and sing ;
And drown their laurels in the bowl,
To them, alas, th' accursed thing.

Pernicious poison ! soldiers feel ;
Feel and confess the power is far
More potent than their foemen's steel,
Or all the other ills of war.
But thy career draws to a close,
The glorious work is well begun ;
O ! then, what self-inflicted woes,
And deadly sins, will soldiers shun.

The ruin'd health, the dungeon drear,
The nerve unstrung, the bitter breath
Of scorn and shame ; the constant fear
Of what to them is worse than death.
For O ! the lash that tears the back,
Though most in silence bear the smart,
Still turns the soul from honor's track,
And petrifies the glowing heart ;

Oft goads men on to desperate deeds,
To discontent and murmuring ;
Those ever rank and fruitful seeds,
Whence mutinies and murders spring.
It oft confirms, but checks no crime ;
Reforming none, it hardens all ;
Yet this foul torture—God of mine !
Men laud in legislation's hall. *

SECOND PART.

Allur'd by tales—a wish to roam—
To see the world and fame to win—
Too soon I changed a peaceful home
And mother's care for martial din ;
And left a father's guiding hand,
Who strove, with kind parental sway,
To check my youthful follies, and
To lead my thoughts the heavenward way.

But wayward boys are prone to sin,
Their wavering fancies hard to train ;
Ere time had usher'd manhood in,
To curb my vagrant wish was vain ;
Yet long did I that wish conceal,
And to my parents feared to speak
The secret that began to steal
The bloom of boyhood from my cheek.

* This was written before the virtual abolition of corporal punishment.

When first I told my rash intent,
The fields were green, and flowers and trees,
With infant fruit and blossoms blent,
Seem'd all alive with birds and bees :
But ere I left the land I love,
Nor bird nor insect sheltered there,
The winds of heaven had room to rove,
For fields were bleak and forests bare.

When hill and vale are clad with snow,
Cold is thy clime, my native land ;
When summer breezes round thee blow,
Arabia's breath is not so bland.
Yet, Caledonia ! then as now,
Dear, dear thou wert, and art to me,
Though in my youth it seemed not so,
For I, thy shore was fain to flee.

And once again, in manhood's prime,
I madly rush'd to meet my doom,
To this inhospitable clime,
And left thy hills in beauty's bloom.
And now the hopeless prayer I urge,
Is, that thy voice in any tones,
In any mood, may sing the dirge
Above the clay that clasps my bones.

The haughtiest heart will heave a sigh—
The firmest falter and despond—
And tears will dim the brightest eye—
When first men break affection's bond.
Farewells at best, in any stage
Of this short life, are mournful notes—
But what can woman's grief assuage
When left by those on whom she dotes.

The hour arrived ; my mother's moan
And choking sigh 'twas sad to hear ;
My father tried, in husky tone,
Her breaking heart to soothe and cheer,
And deigned to beg, in accents mild,
The wilful boy to change his bent ;
But all in vain, for I was wild
With nameless hopes by fancy lent.

Whate'er I felt was known to few—
For pride suppress'd the rising flood—
And spoken was my first adieu
In seeming light and careless mood.
Of all my friends—and many came
To bid the wand'ring boy good-bye—
Save one who owned a dearer name,
None saw the tear-drop in mine eye.

Yet I did weep, as I have said,
O'er one whose tears subdued my pride ;
And only those whose vows are made
With false intent, will me deride.
For who can leave his best beloved,
Whose ruby lip he oft hath pressed,
And calmly mark, with heart unmov'd,
Her pallid cheek and heaving breast ?

O, love is like young freedom's tree,
Which planted once, ne'er fails to grow ;
But gathers strength most rapidly
When angry storms around it blow.
Or like a river broad and deep,
Whose current scarcely seems to glide,
Which yet will foam and boil and leap,
When aught impedes its mighty tide.

Such love was ours, of childhood's growth
A feeble spark without a name ;
That which smoulder'd in the breasts of both,
Till parting fann'd it into flame.
Yes, I did weep o'er one dear maid,
Who oft had on my bosom leant,
And shar'd my little tartan plaid,
Ere we could tell what love tales meant.

Her trembling hand on mine she laid,
Then fixed on mine her wat'ry eye :
“ And must you leave this land,” she said,
“ Where a' your young endearments lie ;
“ Your Mary's love, your parents' care,
“ Your kindred, and your country's claim ;
“ Our bonnie glens, and mountains fair,
“ In sickly climes to seek for fame ?

“ And will you, can you then forget,
“ The scenes so dear to you and me ;
“ The gowany glade, where oft we met,
“ The hawthorn bush, and hollow tree :
“ Our frequent bield, to sit and mock
“ The summer storm around us roaring,
“ And hear the speats adown the rock,
“ Their wild and drumlie waters pouring ?

“ No more unseen in yonder dell,
“ Where rose and woodbine sweetly mingle,
“ My foolish heart will fondly swell,
“ To near the voice that gar'd it tingle ;
“ For love's like the lint-white lintie's sang,
“ When blithely beats each lover's heart ;
“ But like the howlet's boding clang,
“ When mournfu' lovers meet to part.

" No more will we together speel
 " The dizzy cliff, or mountain high ;
 " The ruddy glow of health to steal
 " From scented breezes passing by.
 " No more we'll meet at gloamin' hour,
 " When weel we ken nae coof will follow ;
 " To ramble round the haunted tower,
 " Or wander through the witch's hollow.

" No more will we together share
 " Those happy days and nights entrancin' ;
 " When we at market, feast or fair,
 " Were foremost aye for mirth and dancin'.
 " At market, feast or fair, I may
 " Be forced to busk as braw as ever,
 " But can your Mary's heart be gay,
 " When you're awa ? ah, never, never.

" No more arising with the lark,
 " On God's ain consecrated day,
 " Will we to yonder village kirk,
 " In cheerfu' converse wend our way,
 " To pray while we together bend,
 " Th' Eternal King who reigns above,
 " That He most graciously would blend
 " His heavenly, with our earthly love.

" And must you leave your mountain land,
" Exchanging a' for strife and dool ;
" Our countless joys, since hand in hand
" In childhood's glee we gaed to school ?
" And will you, can you then forget,
" All these, and more that I could name ;
" Your Mary's love, and fond regret ?
" O, dinna, dinna, gang frae hame."

The warning bugles' brazen throats
Pour'd forth the blasts that make men in
Ambition's wildly thrilling notes,
And broke her lamentation sad.
I've suffer'd hardships, want and pain,
But never felt so keen a pang
As darted through my wilder'd brain,
When o'er the hills their echoes rang.

She turned and saw the distant bay,
Her lip and cheeks grew deadly pale ;
For, like a sea-bird on the spray,
With pennon blue, and flapping sail,
Our transport sat unmoor'd and free,
To brave the elemental strife ;
'Twas then love sorely tempted me
To choose the vile deserter's life.

But honor came, with timely care,
To warn me 'gainst so great a sin ;
And whisper'd in my ear " beware,
" Nor bring disgrace on all your kin.
" Whatever wrongs you do or see,
" Or suffer on the land or wave,
" O, never from your colors flee,
" To fill a perjur'd coward's grave."

Our sails were spread the gale to woo,
I saw her lovely form receding ;
And speechless waved a fond adieu,
To her and home, while onward speeding.
The swelling breeze came fresh and fair,
Our bark flew swiftly o'er the main ;
But much I saw and suffer'd ere
My Mary's face I saw again.

To say my heart was lightly glad
Would be to tell a tale untrue ;
Nor less untrue to say 'twas sad,
For, O ! the bright and boundless blue
That spread around, above, below,
Gave wings to my young fancy free,
And caused my breast with thoughts to glow,
Too deep to be defined by me.

Few lessons, then, in mimic war,
Were deemed sufficient to impart
To rustics, gathered near and far,
The rudiments of that vast art ;
For Britain wept o'er many woes ;
Her martial arm had failed in turning
The tide of war against her foes,
And many were the weeds of mourning.

Some few but happy days we spent
On England's gay and cheerful soil ;
And some, in reckless merriment,
On Erin's mirth-inspiring isle ;
And haply left, on either strand,
Some dim eyes gazing o'er the main,
For beauty's heart and friendship's hand
The youthful soldier soon can gain.

Sweet sister lands, with men as free
And maids as fair as Scotia's bairns,—
Cold, cold that Briton's heart must be,
Who, home returning, first discerns
Your chalky cliffs or mountains blue,
And hails them not with grateful tears,
Nor joins the patriotic crew
In three times three true British cheers.

Now rides our bark on Biscay's swell :
Hark ! did you hear that roar ?
'Tis sounding many a soldier's knell
On Spain's ensanguined shore.
Yon heights are crown'd with men and steel,
War's light'nings round them flashing ;
The bay beneath bears many a keel
Well armed, and shoreward dashing.

From Albion's isle in haste they come ;
Blow, fav'ring breezes, blow,
To waft the wounded Lion from
The eagle, wolf and crow.
Hope springs aloft as on they fly,
To cheer the wistful gaze
Of many a weary warrior's eye
That death, ere night, will glaze.

For mad revenge is urging on
Their foe with fiendish glee ;
Nor will his efforts cease till yon
Pale cresset meets the sea.
List how the chosen bands of France,
In columns dark and strong,
All eager for the fierce advance,
Their battle-shouts prolong.

Dalmatia's Duke, unused to speak,
Save in the victor's tone—
Stalks in their front with bloodless cheek,
But converse holds with none.
Yet think not he, though void of prate,
Will long remain inert :
The bitter gall of baffled hate
Is rankling in his heart.

Haste, then, ere he has time to mark
The weakness of your band ;
Retire and gain the shelt'ring bark,
And leave this fatal land.
The foremost ranks have reached the shore ;
The sternmost ship is near :
Ha ! see yon flash—the foe once more
Is thundering on your rear.

Halt ! re-form line ; prepare to charge ;
Charge home ; on, on they dash.
O, how the greedy wolves will gorge
The relics of that crash.
But what avails this waste of life ?
Retire and gain the shore :
Your chieftain, foremost in the strife,
Is fallen to rise no more.

What mortal's could, his arm has done—

Your banners yet are free—

His heart's blood has their safety won :

Go, bear them o'er the sea.

And should the tongue of slander dare

His memory to defame,

Point to the broider'd silks that bear

Corunna's tragic name.

With shatter'd frame, and feelings dull—

Chill blood that soon must cease to flow—

I little deemed that I could still,

With aught like martial ardour glow ;

But when my spirit backward strays,

And battle-fields athwart it gleam,

The joys and pains of other days

Crowd round it like a troubled dream.

Such was my welcome to that land

For deeds of crime and valour known—

When first I joined that dauntless band

Who shed such lustre on their own.

When I recall'd that pleasant spot,

Where nought was heard but nature's voice,

Then pondered on my future lot,

Perchance I cursed my luckless choice.

Like streamlets clear, that calmly glide
Through flow'ry meadows, murmuring on,
Ev'n so until it met the tide
Of busy life, my life had run ;
But then it changed its fearful course,
And—like Niag'ra's rapid flood—
With headlong and resistless force,
Roll'd on for years, imbued with blood.

Could I once more but climb the hill
Where I was born, and fain would die,
O, I could sit and tell—until
The sun would span a summer sky—
Of war and wassail, damsels fair—
Bright eyes and witching smiles, I ween,
More dang'rous than the cannon's glare ;
For love that's light has ever been,

And ever will be leagued with death :
What marvel, then, that we resign
The maxims wise our sires bequeath,
Lured thus by beauty, war and wine ;
But other bards, on hill and dale,
Have woven these in many a song ;
And I must haste my selfish tale,
Lest I should mar your mirth too long.

When first he joins the wild affray,
And knows not how to play his part,
War's havoc, sad and stern array,
Oft daunts the brave but feeling heart.
He sees red slaughter ramping mad
On hill and vale, in wood and glen ;
The mountain ridge with cannon clad,
The plain with fiercely-fighting men.

He hears the conflict raging round,
And strives his shaken nerves to steel ;
While shouts and dying groans are drown'd
'Mid din that makes his young head reel.
Wan was my cheek when first I saw
The purple stream beneath my feet ;
But custom conquers nature's law,
And soon I learn'd with pride to meet

The haughty foe, beneath whose fire
In after years I firmly stood,
'Mong scenes of woe, and horrors dire,
No more to blench at sight of blood.
My own has wet the grass that grew,
On many a well-contested plain ;
Some praise I won at Waterloo,
But left my arm among the slain.

PART THIRD.

And now from toil and danger freed,
Once more I trod my native land,
Contented with the scanty meed
My country paid with sparing hand.
But deadly war will man deface,
And schools for vice ambition rears ;
In outward form and inward grace,
How changed was I in seven short years.

Doubts and forebodings, dark and strange,
Crept o'er me as I onward trod
Beneath the Grampian hills that range
Around my childhood's blest abode.
A watch-dog's voice broke on mine ear,
For night was gath'ring o'er the glen ;
O, how my bosom beat to hear
That well-remember'd voice again.

I hurried on, though faint and lame,
Anticipating nought but joy ;
Ah ! comrades, no fond parents came
To welcome home their crippled boy.
Six years had passed, that very morn,
Such was the tale a stranger told,
Since they were to the church-yard borne,
And laid beneath its sacred mould.

" So fade the brightest hopes," I said,

" She, too, perchance, and mine the blame,

" Who lov'd me once, with them is laid,

" Or living, bears another's name."

Lonely and sad I sought her cot :

Though maim'd and scarr'd by ball and brand,

She recognis'd me, scorn'd me not,

But laid in mine her plightful hand.

That hour repaid the toil of years :

I saw her face, and heard her speak,

And felt, once more, the welcome tears

Fast trickling o'er my burning cheek ;

When she, dear maid, with feelings warm,

Entwin'd her arms around my neck,

And sobb'd to see my alter'd form,

As if her gentle heart would break.

Some ills, on man, so deeply press,

That heaven alone can smooth their furrows ;

But artless woman's warm caress

Soon dries the flood of filial sorrows.

Sweet friendship's voice his grief may calm,

Yet fail the rankling wound to cure :

The only earthly priceless balm

Is woman's love, when deep and pure.

Such love I found in Mary, dear,
Unchanged and changeless, free from pride,
That brighter glowed year after year
Till quenched beneath th' Atlantic wide.
How swiftly flew those years of grace,
Fraught with a happiness divine,
That decked with smiles her lovely face,
And kindled hope and joy in mine.

I've courted pleasure's wanton smile,
And braved the darkest frowns of fate ;
I've wander'd many a weary mile
In lands replete with love and hate.
Of life's wild scenes and prospects fair—
Privations, perils, madness, mirth,
Love, friendship, hope, grief, and despair—
I've had my portion on this earth.

And I must now, with candour, own
The joys of wine, light-love or strife,
With all the pride of high renown,
Weigh lightly 'gainst a peaceful life ;
Thrice bless'd is he whose days are spent
Beneath some humble cottage roof ;
Who dwells with virtue and content,
And dies as he has lived—fame proof.

Health, peace and competence were ours,
Light hearts and lovely children three ;
No gloom to cloud our sunny hours,
While thrift and temp'rance guided me.
Our cottage seemed like Eden's bow'r,
A place of innocence and bliss ;
My own free will, like Adam's pow'r,
Brought death into that paradise :

For, vainly proud of mortal strength,
With heart presumptuously elate,
I deemed myself secure at length,
And scorned to shun temptations great ;
But friendship's bond, when early sealed,
Is scarce less strong than that of love
'Twixt those who, over flood and field,
With careless hearts together rove.

And when they meet with comrades true,
'Mid peaceful scenes, in life's decline,
They cast their years, and act anew
The orgies wild of auld langsyne ;
And thus, once more, the wish to roam—
With dissipation—crept on me :
'Twas then I barter'd peace and home—
For what ? a grave beyond the sea.

Ye ruling men, 'twas wrong of you
To let improvidence ensnare
A war-worn, maim'd, and helpless few,
Unable to contend with care ;
Unused to aught, save warlike broil,
Or social mirth and converse rude :
O, how unfit for forest toil,
In deep sequestered solitude.

There was a time when bugles sang,
And carnage, from his crimson lair
With shouts of fiendish laughter sprang,
To gorge himself on gallant fare.
When adverse banners waved on high,
And fiery squadrons spurned the ground ;
While rattling volleys rent the sky,
And thirsty sabres gleamed around ;

And heavy columns shook the earth,
As, rank on rank, they onward rolled.
Ah ! then you recognised their worth,
And prized them more than paltry gold ;
And cheerfully supplied each want
With willing hearts and open hands,
'Till peace brought economic cant
To grudge them bread, and slight their brand

No common fame for you they won ;
Can hist'ry point to flood or field,
From Waterloo to Marathon,
Where freedom found a firmer shield ?
Yet I confess—however brave
Beneath war's stern, unbending rules—
Those heroes who escaped the grave,
Were, after all, poor thoughtless fools.

But, was it wise, or was it just,
To send them, like convicted bands,
To earn a poor, precarious crust,
'Mong bears and wolves, in savage lands
Ah, no ! 'twas wrong ; that mournful day
Has cast a shade o'er Britain's fame,
That saw them wand'ring far away
To end their days in grief and shame.

When first I left my native glen,
My spirit dwelt on visions bright ;
When folly drove me forth again,
Hope fled, and left it dark as night.
Whilst gazing on her fading strand,
The very seabirds seemed to cry :
Look long on Scotia's mountains grand ;
They never more will meet your eye.

Poor Mary wept, but seldom spoke—
 For me, 'tis meet that I confess
 I bore the drunkard's galling yoke,
 Till madness sprang from wild excess :
 The time or distance that we passed,
 I never knew nor cared to know,
 But retribution came at last—
 Just heaven ! that vision haunts me now.

The sudden gloom around us cast,
 (Oh ! my poor head, be still, be still,)
 The howling wind—the groaning mast—
 The vivid flash—the awful peal—
 The storm—the rock—the reeling bark—
 Great God, my brain from madness keep ;
 O, what a night, hark ! comrades hark !
 'Tis Mary shrieking in the deep.

* * * * *

Hush, hush ; 'tis gone ; sit, comrades, sit ;
 Start not at such ideal things :
 Bear with my grief—'tis but a fit
 Of wand'ring that from weakness springs :
 It will not last—'tis over now,
 A little water let me crave
 To sprinkle o'er my burning brow,
 My parched lips and throat to lave.

And briefly, then, will I rehearse—
For little, now, remains to tell—
Should time permit, ere you disperse,
The other ills that me befel.
How I escaped I ne'er could learn,
Nor yet how long I senseless lay ;
I only knew I woke to yearn
And hate the brightness of the day.

For, since that hour, relentless fate
Pursues me with unswerving wrath ;
Heaps on my head misfortunes great,
And strews with thorns my dreary path ;
Nor years of penury and pain,
With all the ills that man betide,
Have yet effaced the mark of Cain
From the repentant homicide.

* *

My darling child (for all were sav'd)
All but the one most dear to me,
When storms around our dwelling rav'd,
Was crushed beneath a falling tree.
Sweet girl, the first with me to share
The love of her whose stamp she bore ;
Her soft blue eye and ringlets fair
Oft soothed my bosom's rankling sore.

My elder boy, must needs go row
One stormy day, a little skiff
Athwart the rapid waves that flow
Above the cat'ract's roaring cliff :
But, ah, resistless was their sweep ;
I saw my boy with broken oar
Plunged in the whirlpool dark and deep ;
Alas ! I never saw him more.

Destruction came in whirlwind haste,
And heavily each blow let fall ;
My cot was burned, my land laid waste,
And blighted was my little all.
'Twas then I sought, compelled by want,
The proud man's door, to beg for bread ;
And keenly felt each bitter taunt,
Unfeelingly heaped on my head

By those from whom instinctive flows
The surly or sarcastic sneer,
Who never shed for other's woes
One warm or sympathetic tear.
Still one sweet boy, my spirit bound
To bear those ills with earthly hope ;
A fearful pestilence raging round,
Seized on his frame with deadly scope.

My task is done, my tale is told ;
The only lamb that fortune left,
The last of all my little fold,
Death from my widow'd bosom reft.
I scooped his grave, then knelt and raised
My arm and prayed, as now I pray :
God's will be done, his name be praised,
'Tis He that gives and takes away.

CONCLUSION.

He closed his tale, and bowed his head,
Deep silence reigned around ;
So deep, the sportive kitten's tread
Was heard upon the ground.
He rose, and gasp'd his breath to catch,
By speech and grief o'ercome ;
The bugles blew the second watch,
To call the soldiers home.

They soon regained, amid the storm,
Their wonted mirth and glee ;
He, too, poor wretch, ere dawn of morn,
From pain and grief was free.
A resting place—O how unmeet—
That fearful night he found ;
A snow-drift for his winding-sheet,
His bed the frozen ground.

Yet slept he well, as those that lie
In marble tombs, I ween ;
The April sun was in the sky,
Before his corse was seen.
They laid him in the stranger's ground,
A cold and dreary spot ;
'Twas strangers bore him to that mound
With little grief I wot.

No lengthen'd train of comrades dear,
By martial music led—
March'd pensively behind the bier
With slow and solemn tread.
No musket rang his parting knell,
The requiem of the brave ;
No sacred drops of pity fell
Above his lonely grave.

“ No frail memorial” marks the spot,
Where lies that vet'ran's head—
But like his sorrows now forgot,
He sleeps among the dead.

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THE FATAL DUEL.*

"Prohibited by the *laws*, duelling has now found a refuge in *customs* of society, and, by them, is supported *against* the . Thus backed and sustained, duelling is one of the greatest amities of our epoch!!"—CHAMBERS.

Young Oscar came, and wooed and won
A faultless maid, and fair ;
For love had lent to Oscar Graeme
A winning tongue and air.
In sooth, he was a manly boy,
Endow'd, beyond his race,
With art and nature's envied gifts
Of gallantry and grace.

* Written on reading an account of the duel between Colonel — and his brother-in-law, Lieutenant —, in which the mer was killed.

Unbounded wealth—a noble name—
And lineage long were his—
And now the nuptial morn was come
To crown his earthly bliss.
I saw him when the dusky shades
Of night and morn were blending,
Leap from his couch to hail, with joy,
The morning sun ascending,

Short-sighted youth !—I heard him chide
The rising God of light ;
For love expectant deems old time
A laggard in his flight.
Ah ! little wist th' impatient boy,
So handsome, young, and brave,
How soon that glorious orb would gild
The green roof o'er his grave.

I saw in his—at noontide hour—
The small and trembling hand,
Of one whose face and form were deem'd
The loveliest in the land.
With fairy feet that fell unheard,
The sacred aisle she trod,
To seal the bond of love beside
The altar of their God.

And never, since the god-like pair
From paradise were driven,
Has maiden's vow more fond and pure
Been register'd in heaven :
Ah ! little wist that gentle bride,
So artless, young and fair,
How soon her star of hope would set
In darkness and despair.

I saw them in the banquet hall,
Where happiness abounded ;
With courtly dames, of high degree,
And gallant men surrounded ;
A flood of rich and mellow light
From roof and wall was streaming,
O'er many a brilliant eye beneath
With love and laughter beaming.

For music, beauty, fashion, wit,
And chivalry, were come
To welcome Oscar's lovely bride
Within her future home.
Her home ! alas ! they little wist
How soon the deep-toned bell
That rang their merry marriage peal,
Would toll their fun'ral knell.

'Tis morn—the marriage feast is o'er,
Music and mirth are heard no more ;
The banquet hall, that lately shone
With borrowed glare and beauty's own,
Is now deserted, dark and lone.

'Tis morn—for chanticleer hath thrice
Proclaim'd the tale in treble voice ;
And, looming through their hazy screen,
The distant hills are dimly seen,
Outpeering through their misty shrouds,
Like giant forms above the clouds,
Or genii tall of Anak's race :
Such as children love to trace
 When fancy's wing is strong,
And woven with such wond'rous grace
 In many a tale and song.

Beneath, and all between, is gray,
More dim and indistinct than they,
Save yonder spire, that seems to be
A beacon rising from the sea ;
Fantastic wreaths around it whirling—
Like airy mariners upfurling
The vapours o'er that landscape curling.

At the earliest streak of dawn,
On the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Scarcely fathoms six apart—
Fever'd both in brain and heart—

Two fiery youths are seen.

Deadly hate their present mood—
Thirsting for each other's blood—
Yet had they, for many a year,
Been to one another dear ;
Loving with a love that few,
Save fond woman, ever knew ;
Friends in weal and friends in woe,
Such they were some hours ago ;—

How alter'd now I ween.

But to them, and them alone,
Is their cause of hatred known ;
None can tell, nor ever knew,
How their sudden quarrel grew.
Haply, some unguarded word,
Lightly spoken, darkly heard,
Or silly jest, 'mid social cheer,
Whisper'd in some villain's ear ;
Who a microscope can draw
O'er the slightest blot or flaw ;
And with fiendish pleasure spreads
Calumny on guileless heads ;
Wounding, with suspicion's darts,
Warm and unsuspecting hearts ;
Making harmless words appear
Tales of mystery and fear :

Such men were, are, and will be—
Such, ev'n now, are known to me—
Men who, from a sland'rous tongue,
Poison pour, that oft has wrung
Tears and blood from old and young.

Such, perchance, the fatal spell
That on Oscar's spirit fell,
When he met, in mortal strife,
Him who once was dear as life
To his bosom. Now they stand—
Side to side—with outstretch'd hand—
Not their friendship to renew,—
Both such craven thoughts eschew,—
But to take, or eke to deal,
Ghastly wounds no leech can heal—
Waiting for a single word
To stain with blood the spotless sward :
That brief word may send, when giv'n,
One or both, we hope, to heav'n—
If such sins can be forgiv'n.

Hark ! the deadly bullets sing,
Whistling through the hollow glen ;
And the twin report takes wing
Over meadow, field, and fen :
Faint and fainter, on it goes,
Round each vale and hill ;
Now its dying echoes close,
And all again is still.

An upward spring, a single bound,
And Oscar's breast is on the ground,
Welt'ring in the purple tide
Trickling slowly from his side ;
His spirit struggling to depart
From life's citadel—the heart.
Extended are his arms full wide,
As if to meet a welcome bride ;
But clutching, with convulsive grasp,
The only bride he e'er will clasp.
His nuptial couch must now be made
By vulgar hands, with pick and spade ;
His canopy the verdant sod,
Where, lately, he so proudly trod,
Defying man and daring God.

Time-honor'd are the patriots who,
With native ardour, wield
The glaive, to prune ambition's growth
On freedom's battle-field :
But blighted is his peace of mind,
Who seeks th' ignoble fray,
When passion riots in his blood,
Uncheck'd by reason's sway.

When man meets man, in halcyon days,
At honor's false behest,
And sends unshriven to the tomb,
The friend his heart loves best.
If, in the sad survivor's breast,
One spark of feeling lies,
Remorse must be his constant guest,
That worm that never dies.

But see, the sun ascends on high,
And half dispels the gloom
That death's unwelcome trappings throw
Around yon lofty room,
Where lie the beautiful and brave,
Beneath one ample pall :
Oh ! what a change, contrasted with
The decorated hall,

Where they were seen, but yester ev'n,
The gayest of the gay,
Unweeting that the morrow's sun
Would see them clasp'd in clay.
And what a sight ! contrasted with
The altar scene at noon,
When holy rites confirmed the bond
That death has broke so soon.

Pale are those lips, so rosy when
The vows of love were spoken ;
And cold the glowing hearts they joined,
One bleeding and one broken.
Poor victims of a law, that few
The courage have to break ;
Sleep on until th' archangel's trump
Shall buried worlds awake.

LINES WRITTEN

ON THE

SECOND ARRIVAL OF THE 79TH HIGHLANDERS

IN CANADA.

At the close of the day, when its cares were forgot,
 While pensive I sat in my lone little cot,*
 The voice of a maiden, melodious and clear,—
 Like the notes of a nightingale,—broke on mine ear;
 And her song had a burden, so simple and sooth,
 It carried me back to the scenes of my youth :
 For oft in the days of my boyhood it rang,
 And here is the lay that this pretty maid sang.

* The author and his family occupied the *lone little cot* upwards of six years. It stood in the rampart ditch between St. Lewis and John's gate ; close to the spot where a wife was cruelly murdered by her husband in cold blood. The foul deed was committed many years ago ; but the skeletons of the murderer and his victim are still preserved in the military museum attached to the garrison hospital at Quebec.

In the "Garb of old Gaul," o'er the foam-crested wave—
 From a far-distant fortress—the gallant and brave
 Are come to re-visit our country once more,
 And a welcome we'll give, as we gave them of yore ;
 For what, to the eye or the heart, is more dear
 Than the garb and the glance of a young mountaineer ;
 Or to love and to friendship, O, who are more true
 Than the bonnie Scotch lads, with their bonnets of blue.

From the steep rock that frowns o'er the African main,
 From the wiles of the half-moorish maidens of Spain,—
 From the dark-troubl'd ocean and wild stormy gales,—
 They are welcome, once more, to our own happy vales ;
 To the homes and the hearts of the fair and the free,
 As welcome as spring is to flow'ret and tree.
 For, to love and to friendship, O, who are more true
 Than the bonnie Scotch lads, with their bonnets of blue.

Hail, scion of loyalty sprung from Panmure,*
 A name that misfortune no more shall obscure :
 May the star of your house, o'er your dear native land,
 Shine bright as the fame of the corps you command ;
 Till each patriot sire, in his circlet of love,
 Shall breathe a fond pray'r that his children may prove,
 To their Queen and their country as steadfast and true
 As the sons of Panmure and the bonnets of blue.

* The honourable Lauderdale Maule, lieutenant-colonel commanding the 79th Highlanders.

Let the wild thrilling strains of your pibroch go forth
On our soft westlin breezes, brave sons of the north ;
While broider'd in gold, on your banners of green—
All radiant with glory—your trophies are seen ;
For, where was the foeman, or where was the field,
When Europe and freedom 'neath tyranny reel'd,
From Egypt's red plains to the fam'd Waterloo,
That e'er saw a stain on your bonnets of blue ?

O, dearly we love them ; and love, for their sakes,
Their mist-shrouded mountains and clear crystal lakes
Their lone glens and valleys, where blossom unseen,
The heath-bell of Scotland and thistle so green.
That land, should their war-slogan peal from our shore
Shall ring with their deeds when the conflict is o'er ;
For a spot on their standard no mortal shall view,
While dance the dark plumes o'er their bonnets of blue

FAREWELL TO THE 79TH HIGHLANDERS,

On their Second Departure from Canada.

Late I saw, one evening fair,
Where Cape Diamond, sternly grand,
Like a warrior arm'd with care,
Guards this fair and fertile land ;
Where the flag of Britain flies
High o'er Wolfe's immortal cove,
ONE whose tears and choking sighs
Told a tale of sever'd love.

Graceful was she, fair and young,
Clust'ring curls of golden hair
In neglected tresses hung,
Round a face of beauty rare.
But her large blue eyes when raised
From the rippling stream below,
On whose breast intent she gaz'd,
Tokens gave of love-born woe.

Yet, in sooth, around her lay,
Smiling all in summer sheen,
Scenes that might have wiled away
Grief than hers more deep and keen.
Stretching far as eye could reach,
Seem'd the whole a fairy-land,
From the mountains to the beach,
Rais'd by some enchanter's wand.

From the waves that wash'd her feet,
Tow'ring o'er th' confluent tide,
Fam'd Quebec rose street on street,
Sparkling like a royal bride.
Ships in hundreds, lovely things,
Lay below on waters blue ;
While, like birds with snowy wings,
Countless skiffs athwart them flew.

On her right, with rapid sweep,
Where her conqu'ring hero fell,
Roll'd St. Lawrence, broad and deep,
Onward ocean's breast to swell.
On her left, a river gay,
Winding flow'ry banks between,
Like a silver serpent lay,
Basking among meadows green.

Far beyond the distant hills,
Purpling deep the glowing skies,
Slowly sank that orb which fills
Heaven and earth with harmonies ;
Cluster'd round each glitt'ring spire,
Gilded by his ling'ring beams,
Hamlets lay as if to fire
Painter's eye, or poet's dreams.

Shallow streams and rivers deep,
Water-falls and tinkling rills,
Lowing cattle, bleating sheep,
Quiet lakes and noisy mills ;
Peaceful villas, warlike towers,
Gardens, groves, and orchards sweet ;
Sunny glades and shady bowers,
Lay beneath or round her feet.

Battle-fields where men once brav'd
Death, to win a victor's crown
Monuments whereon are grav'd
Heroes' names of high renown :
Wood and water, hill and dale,
Church and cottage, field and farm,
Scatter'd o'er that lovely vale,
Lent the landscape many a charm.

Ye who roam from land to land,
Fam'd for wealth and works of art,
Hither come and take your stand
Ere July's bright days depart.
Here look round, and witness bear
Wheresoe'er your feet have trod,
That on earth no spot more fair
Homage owes to nature's God.

Little car'd this maid to mark
Aught of beauty there, I deem,
Save one broad and regal bark,
Riding on that rapid stream.
Twice three hundred warriors, good,—
Sons of Scotland,—stood around
On the deck, in joyful mood,
For that bark was homeward bound.

Heart and eye of hers were there,
Nor had she recall'd the last,
When on cheek and ringlet fair,
Twilight dews were falling fast.
Deep'ning shades of darkness hung
Over river, rock, and dell,
When she rather sighed than sung
To the winds this fond farewell.

S O N G .

Sweet hope nae mair my heart can cheer,
Nor ease my bosom's pain,
Since those wha wear the tartans dear,
I ne'er shall see again.
But ere they gang, I'll sing a sang,
A fareweel sang to a',
For sake o' ane frae me that's gane,
An' stown my heart awa.

Blaw fresh an' fair, ye winds that roar
Abune the saut sea faem,
And land them safe on Scotland's shore,
Their ain dear native hame.
An' Scotia, busk your bairns braw
To greet your bonnets blue ;
For kind an' cantie are they a',
Light-hearted, leal, and true.

They're aye the first in freedom's cause
The braes o' fame to speel,
An' hoo to win a lassie's heart
They ken the way richt weel.
In lady's bow'r or battle fray,
They foremost aye hae been :
Nae bonnie lass or buirdly fae
E'er daunten'd them, I ween.

Then bid your sons bring laurel wreaths,
Around their brows to twine ;
Your daughters fair to welcome them,
Wi' sweeter sangs than mine.
An' Scotia, till they bare their backs,
An' flee before their faes,
Ise ne'er forget your wimplin burns,
An' flow'ry banks an' braes.

While dread Niag'ra downward pours
His deavin', dinsome tide,
The love I bear for you and yours
In my heart's core shall bide.
Fareweel, my first an' happy hame,
A lang fareweel to you ;
An' fareweel to the gallant lads
That wear the bonnets blue.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE CELEBRATION

OF THE

PRINCE OF WALES' BIRTH-DAY.

AT PHILIPSBURG, MISSISQUOI BAY,

IN FEBRUARY, 1842.

The bonfire is bright
On the ice-cover'd bay ;
The flag gleams wi' light
On the tap o' yon brae.
The fire-balls are blazin'
An' happy hearts raisin'
A triumphant shout
For the Prince o' the day.

Huzza for the bairnie
That's heir to the croon,
His mither an' faither,
An' a' his freens roon.
His health an' lang reign
We will pledge once again ;
An' wha winna do't
Is a renegade loon.

The men o' Missisquoi,
Stout-hearted an' leal,
Wha aft rin the risk o'
The match an' the steel,*
Hae sworn by the past
That they'll no' be the last
To welcome thy comin',
An' fecht for thy weal.

The heart o' ilk lassie
Is loupin wi' glee
As she keeks in the glass
That she kens winna lee.
She sees a face smilin',
Sae witchin an' wilin',
She canna withdraw frae it
Her bonnie bricht e'e.

* Alluding to the nocturnal deeds of the American sympathisers *alias* filibusters, during the insurrection in Canada. For nights passed, on which a house or barn was not set on fire by these incendiaries on the frontier.

But hark, there's a strain
That will coax her awa ;
'Tis saft music playin'
In the ball-room sae braw.
Then haste at the warnin',
Join hands until mornin',
Wi' mirth, fun, and frolic,
In Philipsburg ha'.

Noo, God bless the bairnie
That's heir to the croon,
His mither an' faither,
An' a' his freens roon.
His health an' lang reign
We will pledge once again ;
An' wha winna do't
Is a renegade loon.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.*

The thousand isles, the thousand isles,
 How calm is the lake of the thousand isles,
 When nature lies breathless 'neath summer's bright smiles
 O, beautiful then are the thousand isles.

* After passing this unrivalled group of islands, on a downward trip, the writer of these lines was an eye-witness to one of the most daring and hazardous exploits, on the part of a soldier of the 79th Highlanders, that ever came under his notice. While running down the Longue Sault rapid, one of the most dangerous in the river St. Lawrence, a soldier's wife, with a child in her arms, from giddiness, excitement or some other cause, threw herself over board from the Durham boat. Colin Dunlop—for the name is worthy of being recorded—seized one end of a coil of small rope lying at his feet, twisted it round his wrist, and without the slightest hesitation, plunged after them into the boiling torrent. Fortunately, another soldier, with equal promptitude and presence of mind, caught hold of the other end of the coil before it was all unwound, and notwithstanding the great strain, held on till others came to his assistance, when, by great exertions, each

What lake in this world, can such beauties unfold,
 Here sable with silver, and emerald with gold,
 Commingl'd, expanded and dazzling the eye,
 Are sleeping serenely beneath the blue sky.

For there is not a breeze on the land or the lake
 To stir the green leaves, or the waters to wake ;
 Not a bird on the spray, nor a bee on the rose,
 Disturbs nature's mid-day and death-like repose.

Yet still from each lone little isle that we pass,
 Where a single tree grows, or a tuft of green grass,
 Like the soft voice of childhood, when lisping a pray'r,
 A low grateful murmur ascends through the air.

Row gently, row gently, and guide well your helm,
 Till we reach yon green maple, and wide-spread elm,
 Whose wide-woven branches rude Phœbus defy,
 To kiss the pure waters that under them lie.

tion, Dunlop and the child were safely dragged on board amid the acclamations of the boatmen and soldiers. The woman sank and was seen no more. Those only who have seen this frightful rapid can form any idea of the danger the soldier incurred, or the almost miraculous manner in which he and the child were rescued from the rushing and angry waters. The fabled leap of Schiller's page into the Maelstrom, after the golden cup, was not more perilous. Poor fellow, he was promoted by the commanding officer, and the Humane Society in England awarded him a medal for his gallantry, but he died of cholera, before it reached Quebec.

Beneath their cool shade we will rest for a while,
Till the noontide is past, then resuming our toil,
To thee, God of nature, we'll raise and prolong,
With voices united, our thanksgiving song.

And whilst on this scene of enchantment we gaze,
Our loud-swelling anthem of rapturous praise
Over lake and through forest shall echo for miles,
To Him who created these thousand bright isles.

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CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

AIR.—FIRST OF THE FIRST PART OF CANADIAN QUADRILLES.

Pull my lads, the light'nings are glancing,
Hear ye not the tempest on high ?
See ye not the white waters dancing ?
Pull my lads, the rapids are nigh.

Wild the rocks that lie before us,
Wilder waves around them flash ;
Dark the gloom that's gath'ring o'er us,
Fearless still we forward dash.

Pull my lads, the pines are bending,
Now the rain begins to pour ;
And the thunder's voice is blending
With the wave and whirlwind's roar.

Now are those we fondly dote on,
Gazing on the angry skies,
Breathing prayers that angels note, on
Bended knees, with brimful eyes.

Pull my lads, their fears are groundless,
Soon our wearied arms we'll throw
Round their necks, with love as boundless
As the heart of man can know.

Dismal crags their crests are rearing,
Threat'ning all our skill to foil ;
As with bird-like speed we're nearing
Where the waters whirl and boil.

Pull my lads, the pale-faced stranger
Groving o'er inglorious rest,
Deems our life a life of danger,
And his own supremely blest.

But my lads, the heart that's fearful,
Ne'er can feel such joys as we ;
Now with bosoms light and cheerful,
Down the foaming rapids we flee.

S O N G .

THE YOUNG LASSIE'S LAMENT.

Will naeboddy bid for my heart ?

Will naeboddy bid for my han' ?

Wae's me that a lassie sae weelfar'd an' smart,

Maun pine sae lang for a gudeman !

How blithely ilk bonnie bird sings,

To cheer the fond mate by his side ;

But luv only gies me a glint of his wings ;

Dear ! dear ! will I ne'er be a bride ?

Will naeboddy, &c.

Braw lads at the bughtin, I ken,

Aye ca' me their bonnie wee thing,

And roose me till aft my young heart gies a sten ;

But—nane o' them speaks o' a ring !

Will naeboddy, &c.

O ! could I but wale my ain doo,
I ken wha I'd tak for my jo ;
But speer me wha will, since I daurna gae woo,
I'll scarce hae the heart to say no.
Will naebody, &c.

Come Jocky, come Jamie, to me—
I'll take the first offer I can—
I carena hoo bonnie or brown he may be,
Gin I can but get a gudeman.

Will naebody bid for my heart ?
Will naebody bid for my han' ?
Wae's me that a lassie, sae weelfar'd an' smart,
Maun pine sae lang for a gudeman !

S O N G .

HERE'S TO THE LASSES.

Pass the love-inspiring wine ! *

Fill high your glasses !

To pledge this glorious toast of mine,—

Here's to the lasses !

Who can nature's laws contemn ?

Who the course of true love stem ?

What would life be, wanting them—

The dear darling lasses ?

* Teetotallers can substitute " Pass the sparkling water
fine."

Clothed in rude or rich attire,
High or low in classes ;
Who can see and not admire
The blithe bonnie lasses !
Ocean hides no gems so fair—
Earth no flowers so sweet can bear—
Angels only can compare
With kind-hearted lasses !

Still they wield that witching sway—
Cunning are the lasses !
Man first felt in Eden's day,
Among the flow'ry grasses.
But no trembling slaves are we—
Bending low with servile knee—
'Tis with willing hearts and free
We adore the lasses !

Let us, then, with one accord,
Drain dry our glasses,
To prove that we, in deed and word,
Dearly love the lasses !
High your empty goblets fling—
Round and round the social ring—
While with glowing hearts we sing,
God bless the lasses !

S O N G .

THE AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE,

IN THE DAYS OF THEIR COURTSHIP.

Come, meet me with an eye bright
And beaming, like the morning sun ;
But let it be by twilight,
My bosom's queen, my bonnie Ann.

I'll woo thee in as fond a strain
As ever met a maiden's ear ;
And tell thee, o'er and o'er again,
That life to me is not so dear.

Then meet me, &c.

The wind is still, the evening's fair,
There's music sweet in ev'ry grove ;
And nature, through the balmy air,
Still hums her grateful hymns of love.
Then meet me, &c.

Sweet spring with verdure decks the plain ;
All life delights in summer's bloom ;
And autumn gives her golden grain
To cheer the weary winter's gloom.
Then meet me, &c.

But were the sweets they all can pour
In nature's lap compress'd in one,
A smile from thee would glad me more,
My love—my life—my darling Ann.

Then meet me with an eye, bright
And beaming like the morning sun ;
But let it be by twilight,—
That hour when hearts are lost and won.]

S O N G .

THE LASSIE THAT'S DEAREST T

O ! what need I care for the pleasures that wealth
Or a high sounding title can gie,
Whilst I can enjoy the sweet blessings of health,
And the fondest of raptures when meeting by stealth
Wi' the lassie that's dearest to me.

To praise her, and say she outrivals the rose,
And the lily that blooms on the lea,
Might paint her in part, but would fail to disclose
The dear winning charm of enchantment that glows
In the glance of her dark hazel ee.

But even that charm is enhanced by the tale
She tells underneath the green tree,
When gloamin is gath'ring her dews for the dale,
The rosy cloud sailing o'er mountain and vale,
And the sun hid behind the blue sea.



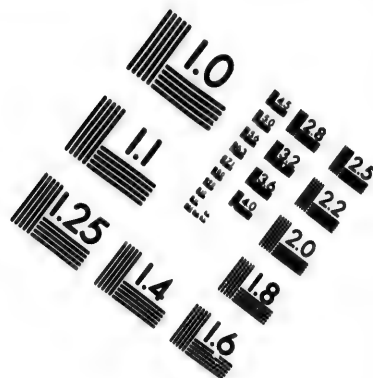
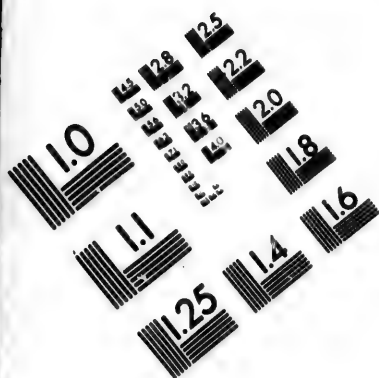
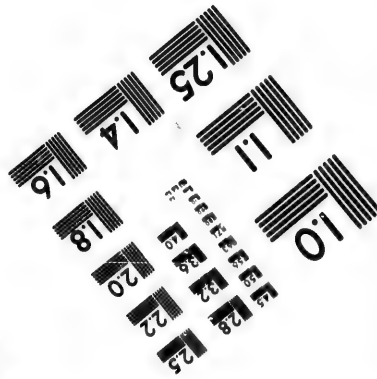
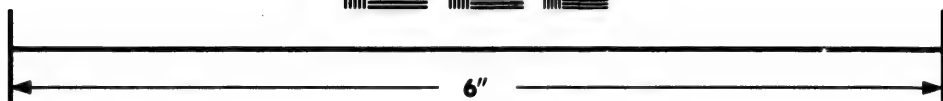
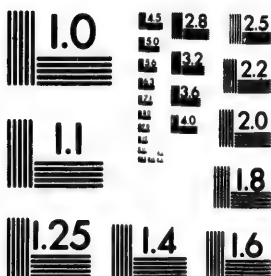


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'Tis then the full tide of love's transports I feel
When softly she whispers to me,
(While the deep glowing blushes of modesty steal
O'er the cheek that she strives in my breast to conceal),
"Dear laddie, I dearly lo'e thee."

But, ah ! her proud father looks on me with scorn,
And dooms my dear lassie to be
The bride of a carl who could handle a horn
When her grey headed grandsire in life's early morn
Was laid on the nourice's knee.

But though he reproves and forbids her to love
A young man of lowly degree,
The time-worn owl and the young turtle dove
Will fondle together, and pair in yon grove,
Ere she prove inconstant to me.

Then, what need I care for the pleasures that wealth
Or a high sounding title can gie,
Whilst I can enjoy the sweet blessings of health,
And the fondest of raptures when meeting by stealth
Wi' the lassie that's dearest to me.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL SONG.

Dear Canada, fain in thy cause would I enter
A garland to weave for that fair brow of thine ;
But where is the bard who may hopefully venture
In one simple wreath all thy glories to twine ?

The bright sparkling eyes of thy beautiful daughters,
The deeds of thy stalwart sons, daring and free,
Who cheerfully toil 'mid thy wild woods and waters,
And traverse thy hoarse-roaring rapids with glee.

Thy streams, lakes and islands, in splendour so peerless,
Deep forests and water falls grandly sublime,
That christian and savage, both timid and fearless,
Have gaz'd on with awe since the birth-day of time.

But soon thou shalt flourish in song and in story,
Though no bard of thine has yet blazon'd thy name—
The future will crown thee with grandeur and glory,
And bold native enterprize lead thee to fame.

Ev'n now, from thy border, that bounds the Atlantic,
Hope, Peace and Religion, blest children of God,
Are marching triumphant to valleys romantic,
And wide fertile prairies where slave never trod—

Nor ever shall tread ; for no tyrants dare bind thee
To aid foul oppression, sweet daughter of truth,
But exile and patriot ever shall find thee
The home of love, liberty, valour and truth.

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FAMILY JARS.

UNCLE.

Down goes the sugar-bowl—now the tea-caddy—
Plague on the wee wicked imp of a laddie !
Sure with an urchin that's scarce three feet high,
Never poor mortal was pestered as I !
There he goes twisting and tumbling about,
Always in mischief within and without ;
Squalling for this thing or spurning at that—
Thumping or throttling the dog or the cat ;
Teasing his sisters with monkeyfied tricks—
Chopping the tables or whittling at sticks ;
Hacking and wracking the bedsteads and chairs—
Breaking the panes of the windows by pairs ;
Poking my penknife and pipes in the fire—
Sprawling in mud-holes or dabbling in mire ;
Tearing and wearing and soiling his clothes—
Heedless of angry words, fearless of blows ;
Deaf'ning my ears with a shout or a yell,
Worse than the peal of an old broken bell ;
Ringing forth discords of anger or fun,
Music from which a wild savage would run ;

Fretting his father, and fright'ning his mother.
 What with his harrassing din and deep pother,
 Scarce can I get a cool moment to think ;
 There now ! he's got to the pens and the ink,
 Scrawling and blotting my papers and books,
 With hieroglyphical hooks and crooks.
 Madam ! your son is a perfect wee pest,
 Ever disturbing my comfort and rest ;
 Causing my brain, with his racket, 'od rot 'im,
 To spin like a whirligig, or a tee-to-tum—

M O T H E R .

Hold, Sir ! my son is a fine manly boy,
 Brave as bold Hector, the hero of Troy ;
 Better than brave, he is handsome and kind,
 A Cupid in features, a Howard in mind !
 Every endearment that childhood can grace,
 Beams from his sweet little innocent face.
 With hair like a sunbeam, when midsummer's nigh,
 Eyes bright as diamonds, and blue as the sky ;
 Cheeks like twin roses, and teeth white as pearl,
 Skin that would shame the young bride of an earl ;
 Beauty's soft dimple's impressed on his chin,
 And lips like the rainbow's vermilion rim.
 Wild he is doubtless, as deer in a park,
 But fond as a turtle, and gay as a lark ;
 Lightly and sprightly he trips up and down,
 Haply more free than the heir to a crown ;
 Frolicksome, funny, and brisk beyond measure,

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; sure,
Finding in everything gladness and pleasure ;
Singing or prattling from morning till night,
Or dancing and shouting with perfect delight ;
Merry and blithe as the birds in the air,
Laughing at sorrow, and scorning dall care ;
The pride and the pet of his daddy and mammy,
Such in his fifth year is my little lammie.
Kiss me, come kiss me, my heart's dearest joy !
Bless you ! O bless you ! my beautiful boy !

H

S O N G .

TO THE AUTHOR'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

AIR.—BONNIE DUNDEE.

What sang shall I sing for my sweet little Mattie ?
 Is pleasure thy theme, love ? it suits not my lay ;
 For poortith has, aye, been the lot o' thy daddie,
 An' pleasure mells maist wi' the wealthy an' gay.
 But, O, dinna think me ungratefu', my dearie,
 While providence kindly provides for us a'—
 Still feeds us an' cleeds us—why should we be eerie,
 Or sigh for the life that can ne'er be our fa'.

What, then, shall I sing for my dear little daughter,
 Of rank and of riches, love—lay down my lyre,
 For gowd, wi' its glitter, hecht gear or a garter,
 Ae heart thrilling minstrel did ne'er yet inspire ?
 A cozy wee hame wi' a housefu' o' bairnies,
 A kind cantie wife wi' content in our ha',
 Are better than rank, wi' its cares an' its cankers,
 Or a poor broken heart 'neath a bosom that's braw.

An' gin luv be the theme o' my wee winsome Mattie,
 On memory's wings I maun flee far away,
 To brood o'er a rose that ance bloom'd like my dawtie,
 In beauty and youth, on the banks o' the Tay ;
 But, ah, this sweet flow'ret was blighted fu' early—
 It wither'd and died ere I cross'd the deep sea ;
 I saw it wi' sorrow, mang freens weepin' sairly
 Laid low in the bosom o' bonnie Dundee.

But lang may'st thou blossom, my bonnie wee leddy,
 Beneath His protection, whase bield is aye best ;
 Then some favor'd lover enraptur'd may wed thee,
 And plant my sweet rose-bud wi' pride in his breast ;
 And O may'st thou meet wi' a kind faithfu' dearie
 To shield thee frae fortune's cauld blasts when they rave,
 Wi' a heart that will cherish an' lo'e thee sincerely,
 When thy daddie, dear lassie, is laid in his grave.

NOTE.—The author being importuned by one of his little prattlers to make her the subject of a song, he, the following day, presented her with the above. It caused a *little* feeling of jealousy among the young folks at the time, as Matilda—the Mattie of the song—is only one of six olive sprouts from the same parent stem, all of the feminine gender.

S O N G .

AIR.—OH, SUSANNAH, DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME.

O, bring me back that hour when I
From my first love did part ;
For, deep and cureless is the wound.
It left in my young heart.

CHORUS.—Oh, dear lassie,
In fancy's dream I see
Thy fairy form on Tay's green banks,
By bonnie sweet Dundee.

Since then I've rov'd through many lands—
Frae Scotland far away—
'Till time has woven wi' my hair
Some locks of silver grey.

Where grow the shamrock and the rose,
Where blooms the lily fair,—
Where spring the wild flowers of the west,—
My feet ha'e wander'd there.

An' mony a fair face I hae seen,
An' mony a graceful form ;
An' oft hae kiss'd a ruby lip,
When life's red tide was warm.

Wi' gentle dames I've danc'd an' sung—
In courtly halls an' high—
Wi' village maids, when fields were green,
Beneath a bright blue sky.

But village maid, or gentle dame—
In town or hamlet fair—
I ne'er yet met that could wi' thee,
In loveliness compare.

I've travell'd long, and travell'd far,
Since our young hearts did twine ;
But while my bosom beats wi' life,
Thy form shall dwell in mine.

S O N G .

AIR.—THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Cheer up, cheer up, my Annie dear ;
O, do not sing so sadly ;
Let smiles replace that causeless tear,
And raise thy wild notes gladly.
Though I must leave thee for a while,
My dearest girl, believe me,
There breathes no maid on earth whose wile
Can tempt me to deceive thee.

O, do not doubt thy lover's word,
He is no faithless ranger ;
But who can wear a soldier's sword
And shun the field of danger ?
Or who, when glory shines afar,
Would, for a moment, waver,
And only wear the garb of war
To win a fair maid's favor ?

If fate decree that I shall taste
The rapture of returning,
I'll clasp thee to a faithful breast,
With love still brightly burning ;
Or 'mid the dangers I must dare—
If death himself should find me—
My parting words shall be a pray'r
For her I leave behind me.

S O N G .

THE PARTING KISS.

AIR.—NEIL GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKEY.

H E .

One kiss, dear girl, and then good bye ;
One parting kiss, for I must hie
Where glory calls to do or die,
Far, far from thee and Scotia.
And hark ! I hear the bagpipe's wail ;
Its gath'ring notes are on the gale ;
Her best and bravest foes may quail,
To hear that sound from Scotia.

S H E .

Ah ! what avails this warm embrace
When my sad soul so well can trace
The daily dangers thou must face,
Far, far from me and Scotia !
But, oh ! when thou art far away,
And meet'st with maids more light and gay,
Remember her who oft will pray
For thy return to Scotia.

H E .

Yes, yes ; my heart, where'er I rove,
Will homeward turn, like Noah's dove,
To seek thy ark of peace and love
Within the glens of Scotia !
And now, dear girl, since I must hie
Where wild winds blow and waves roll high,
One last fond kiss, and then good-bye,
'Till I return to Scotia !

S H E .

Hark ! 'tis the bagpipe's voice again !
My heart will surely break in twain,
So sadly seems that wild, wild strain
To play farewell to Scotia !
But go, dear youth, I know thou'rt brave ;
Nor would I have thee live a slave,
Though I should mourn a soldier's grave,
Far, far from me and Scotia.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

1848.

[Written at the request of Mr. MIDDLETON, editor and part proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," for the Carrier Boys.]

To the goal that she started from twelve months ago,
 This world, my kind patrons, once more has gone round,
 With her history of weal intermingled with woe,—
 For such in her annual will ever be found—
 May the former be yours unaccompanied by aught—
 To shade from your bosoms enjoyment's bright rays ;
 May your children and kindred, with happiness fraught,
 Enliven your hearts and your homesteads to-day.

May all sad forebodings of evil to come,
 With the bitter remembrance of those that have past—
 While kind hospitality brightens each home—
 Be banished afar from the social repast :
 And when spirits congenial encircle each hall,
 To welcome with gladness the offspring of time,
 Permit me to offer, to each and to all,
 A wreath I have culled from the wild flowers of rhyme.

All hail ! Forty-Eight,—thou art welcome, I ween,
 Though cradled in snow-drifts and rocked by the gale :
 For thy sire wept o'er pestilence, famine and spleen,
 But hope whispers thou shalt be jocund and hale :
 For plenty triumphantly points to her horn,
 And pours forth her gifts with munificent hand ;
 While peace, gentle maiden, celestially born,
 With her wide-spreading olive o'ershadows our land.

'Tis true, our bright prospects are slightly o'ercast
 By a few passing clouds of political strife ;
 But these, like the storms, when their rage they exhaust,
 May leave a long calm o'er the clear sky of life.
 O, Canada ! Canada ! sad were thy doom,
 If torn from the bosom that loves thee so well ;
 But, avaunt, ye dark shadows and visions of gloom,
 With the false-hearted seers who such fate would foretell !

With armies and navies, the favourites of fate ;
 Institutions requiring but little reform ;
 Wise statesmen to govern the vessel of state,
 And a pilot undaunted to weather each storm :
 With the fragrance of summer our senses to charm,
 When the landscapes of nature are lovely and green ;
 And the sunshine of beauty and friendship to warm
 Our hearts, when hoar winter envelopes the scene.

With a country we love, and a Queen we revere ;
A God whose beneficent influence we feel,
Pervading all time through the swift rolling year,
All space wheresoever his worshippers kneel :
Endowed with such blessings, ah, who would not join
The chorus each circle this evening will raise,
When the patriarch utters, in accents sublime,
Let us worship our Maker by singing his praise !

At the close of some anthem harmoniously sung,
That soothes like the tone of a Sabbath-day bell,
When the hearts of all hearers, both aged and young,
Are grateful and happy, 'tis then I would tell
How oft through the storm, though my years are but few,
Undismayed by its rage I have still waded on ;
Ever patiently plodding to gladden for you
The long, dreary hours of the year that has gone.

Or when mem'ry is busy, and fondly recalls
The friendships of youth, with the days of lang syne,
And a tear for the past imperceptibly falls,
Let me hasten to claim that soft moment as mine,—
To remind you how oft to your doors I have brought
A sweet relaxation, your minds to beguile
From lassitude, sickness, or overstrained thought,
When your spirits were faint from reflection or toil.

When the whirlwind was howling around the white rock,
 And nought could be seen but the fast falling snow,
 How oft you have welcomed the Carrier-boy's knock,
 As shivering he stood on your threshold below.
 Yet think not that I of these duties complain ;
 Ah, no ! ever cheerful my task I'll renew,
 Content should my zeal a small guerdon obtain,
 Whilst with wishes once more I propitiate you.

May numberless blessings, the purest and best
 That bountiful heaven vouchsafes to bestow,
 Descend on your heads, till your hearts are impressed
 With the peace of religion and gratitude's glow !
 May cheerful contentment on wedlock attend,
 And hymen to languishing lovers reveal
 That pearl beyond purchase,—a true bosom friend,
 With all the fond bliss parents only can feel !

And when love's gentle arms are entwined round each
 neck,
 And dear little prattlers surrounding each knee,
 When the gush of affection flows on without check,
 O, spare one small drop of its sweetness for me !
 Inexperienced in flattery, I fear to annoy,
 Yet fain would I ask for the gift of the year ;
 O, pass not unnoticed your Carrier-boy ;
 No courtier is he, for his words are sincere.

A WISH-BURST.*

O that I might buried be
Where the wild birds sing,
When my soul from bondage free
Heavenward spreads its wing !
Far from all the beaten paths
And busy haunts of men,
'Mid the gnarled oaks and elms,
In some romantic glen ;
Or where the patriarchal pines
Their giant shadows fling
O'er some lonely greenwood glade,
For there the wild birds sing !

* Alexander Wilson, the celebrated ornithologist, frequently expressed a wish that he might be buried "*where the wild birds sing.*"

Where—like rills of molten gold—
The flick'ring sunbeams creep
Through the foliage of the trees
Within some woodland deep ;
O, how calmly could I rest !
For there the wild birds sing
Through the long, long night of death,
'Till heaven's Eternal King
(He whom ocean, earth, and air,
With all therein, adore,)
Bid me rise to sing his praise,
And sleep in death no more.

S O N G .

AIR.—LUCY NEIL.

Last year, my dear young Harry
Of all our swains the pride,
Allur'd by false deluding fame,
Sought glory for his guide.

CHORUS.—O, be still, be still,
My beating heart, be still ;
For ah ! no more can hope or joy
My lonely bosom fill.

War's red clouds, dark and low'ring,
Were seen afar when he,
With twice ten thousand gallant hearts,
Sail'd o'er the deep blue sea.

Eyes, late with pleasure beaming,
Were dimm'd that day with tears ;
And many a lovely cheek grew pale
When rose their parting cheers.

I strove my own deep sorrow
To hide within my breast ;
But pangs of grief are felt the most
When they are least express'd.

Oft, when I sought my pillow,
If sleep mine eyes did seal,
Strange dreams of strife and battle-fields
Would o'er my spirit steal.

And, aye, when mingled tidings
Of death and vict'ry came,
More frequent would these visions be ;
But still these scenes the same.

And oft I saw my Harry,
His arm in triumph wave ;
Then onward lead a daring band,
The bravest of the brave.

The first among the foremost
I saw his bright sword gleam ;
When thousands climb'd the deadly heights
Near Alma's fatal stream,

In Balaklava's valley,
On gory Inkermann ;
But, ah ! the vision changed when he
Was storming the Redan.

Thick darkness closed around him,
And, like a fun'ral knell,
A hollow voice sigh'd in mine ear,
" Farewell, my love ; farewell !"

A death-like chill came o'er me ;
I woke in terror great ;
For well I knew that boding voice
Foretold my Harry's fate !

And soon his last love-token
Was borne across the brine ;
Brought home by one who lov'd him well,
But not with love like mine !

Yet spoke he soft and sadly ;
My beautiful, my brave,
He said he saw, with hundreds more,
Laid in a soldier's grave !

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n well,

WOLFE'S MONUMENT.*

Stop, passenger, and read ;
Brief is the tale of fame ;
Here Wolfe, in victory's last embrace,
Died for a deathless name.
While yet in manhood's prime,
His spirit wing'd its flight
From scenes of woe to realms of bliss
And everlasting light.

Around their dying chief
Here stood a mournful band,
To mark and bear his last bequest
Back to his native land.
No ling'ring pains were his ;
A soldier's death he found,
When shouts of triumph rent the sky
And shook this battle-ground

* These lines were written beside the old broken monument which bore the simple inscription : "*Here Wolfe died.*"

Pause, then, and ponder here ;
But ah, do not deface
This simple column, pointing out
The consecrated place.
Four score and eight long years
Old time hath number'd o'er,
Since the rude stone beneath its base
Was hallow'd by his gore.

These tranquil fields beheld,
On that eventful day,
The flower of Europe's chivalry
A desp'rate war-game play ;
And many a weapon dire
The rival gamesters bore ;
Here sank the ruthless tomahawk
Beneath the good claymore.

For those who erst were foes,
Here banded were together ;
The victor and the vanquish'd from
Culloden's blood-stained heather.
Here, too, alas ! was seen,
By christian leaders led,
With murd'rous heart and frenzied eye,
The savage darkly red.

Here, France, thy hero fell ;
Montcalm, the proud and brave :
A nobler chief thy empire ne'er
Laid in a soldier's grave.
Here shout and volley rang,
From river down to river ;
While swiftly flew the bolts of fate,
Life's fragile thread to sever.

Hush'd now is all around ;
A sabbath stillness reigns
Unbroken, save by rural sounds
O'er Abram's peaceful plains ;
For since the day which saw
That game of glory done,
Britannia guards the noble prize
So well but dearly won.

Land of the maple green,
The fair, the brave, and free,
Loose not the ties that bind thee to
The Empress of the sea.
So may'st thou long remain
Beneath her fost'ring hand ;
O, never more to see or feel
War's desolating brand.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

1849.

[Written at the request of Mr. MIDDLETON, editor and part proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," for the Carrier Boys,]

Hark ! 'tis the midnight bell,
Last of a dying year,
Whose strange events and startling deeds,
Have filled the world with fear ;
And sent the fair and brave,
In youth and beauty's bloom,
Unwarn'd and haply unprepar'd,
To glut the yawning tomb,

Each measur'd stroke of time,
Tolls like a fun'ral knell ;
Yet soon from every church and tower,
A merry peal will swell ;
And men with men will meet,
Glad compliments to pay,
Unmindful how the year may mar
The wish-bursts of the day.

I would, my patrons dear,
That I could sing anew,
As blithe a song of peace and hope,
As last I sung for you ;
Or weave with heart as light,
As gladly then I wove,
My simple wreath of poesy,
To win your gifts of love.

Alas ! dark visions rise,
Dim hov'ring in the sky,
O'er many fair and fertile lands,
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
Disclosing omens strange,
Portending aught but good :
The harbingers of grief and woe,
Plague, famine, war and blood,

Crush'd nations in their wrath,
O'erturned mighty thrones,
And strewing Europe's fields once more,
With homicidal bones ;
Pale discontent and want,
Wide spreading, far and near,
The cause of many a widow's moan,
And many an orphan's tear.

Oh ! 'tis a sad, sad time,
For infant, maid and mother ;
When sire and son as foemen meet,
And brother wars with brother !
Grant, Heaven, my fervent prayer,
Stretch forth thy saving hand,
And keep the curse of civil war
Far from our native land.

A happy new year ! a happy new year !
The merry church bells are ringing,
As if they deem'd my lay mistim'd,
And mock'd my doleful singing.
Now, words and wishes, kindly meant,
Will burst from every tongue ;
And why should not the Carrier Boy
These joyful notes prolong ?

A happy new year to all my friends,
And eke to all my foes ;
Good-will and peace I send to these,
Unalter'd love to those ;
To bachelor, to benedict,
To widow, wife and maiden ;
To those whose hearts are ever light,
And those with cares o'erladen.

To rich and poor, to bond and free,
If slaves can happy be,
No land can bound my wish to-day :
'Tis broader than the sea.
And were I gifted with the power,
To back my wish and will,
Unbounded happiness this year
The world's wide round should fill.

A happy new year, from a heart sincere,
My kind and constant patrons ;
May twofold blessings light on you,
Your darlings, and your matrons ;
On old and young, on grave and gay,
From Grandpapa to Johnny,—
The dear wee pet, with curly locks,
And eyes so blue and bonny.

May peace preside in every hall,
And plenty fill each store,
Until your daily cups of bliss
Are full and flowing o'er ;
'Till every knee be humbly bent,
And every voice shall quiver,
With grateful prayers and songs of praise,
To glorify the Giver.

And when the light of hope and love
 Illumes your halls and bowers,
Remember him who oft has cheer'd
 Your dark and moody hours ;
And grudge not from your ample stores
 To set one mite apart,
To please your little Carrier Boy,
 And gladden his young heart.

e,

raise,

THE FIRST RELIEF OF LUCKNOW,

BY THE FORCE UNDER GENERAL HAVELOCK, OF WHICH
THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS FORMED A PART.

[Versified from the letter of a lady—one of the rescued party—giving a singular and graphic account of the manner in which the inmates of the Residency became aware of the coming succor, on the 26th September, 1857.]

By those who knew best they were warn'd that the worst
Sad fate which can woman befall,
Awaited them soon ; for the demons accurs'd,
With hands red with blood, on the morrow would burst
O'er the doom'd fortress' close-leaguer'd wall.

But fear was unknown to this brave little band,
 For they vow'd, in that hour of despair,
 While a life-drop remained in their veins to withstand
 The truculent "Nana," with red ruthless hand,
 And all his black myrmidons there.

And nobly the spirit of woman did soar,
 Though horror sat pale on her cheek ;
 From batt'ry to batt'ry fresh strength to restore
 The juice of the berry of Mocha she bore
 To the weary, the wounded, and weak.

Among them was one—though of lowly degree—
 Whose name in this wreath I'll entwine ;
 For a maid bore that name, who was once dear to me,
 In the home of my childhood, beyond the blue sea,—
 In the bright sunny days of lang syne.

O'erwearied with watching, with hunger and toil,
 The head of young Jessie was laid
 On the lap of her lady to sleep for a while,
 And dream of her friends on a far distant isle—
 In the land of the bonnet and plaid.

And she sobb'd and she murmur'd, in tones soft and low,
And oft sweetly smiled in her dream ;
'Till sudden she sprang, like the shaft from a bow,
And in shrill piercing accents of gladness—not woe—
“ We are sav'd, we are sav'd,” she did scream.

O, true was the ear of poor Jessie that day,
When she cried, “ 'Tis the bagpipe's loud swell ;
“ We are sav'd, dearest lady ; O, kneel down and pray
“ To God, who has heard and will lead us away
“ Frae the fangs o' thae savages fell.”

But the soldiers were silent—the lady looked sad,—
And their chieftain in doubt shook his head ;
For all deem'd that Jessie was raving or mad
From the suff'rings she bore, and the terror she had
At the yells of the mutineers' dread.

But again she scream'd, shrilly : “ Noo black be their fa' ;
“ O, dinna ye hear it again ?
“ 'Tis the pibroch of Greg'rah, the best o' them a',
“ Fu' aft has it rang through my forefathers' ha' ;
“ O, weel that wild slogan I ken.”

And now martial music, in strains grave or gay,
 Was heard through the musketry's roar :
 On—onward it came, ever seeming to say—
 "Remember, ye dastards, that sad, fearful day
 "That dawn'd on the well in Cawnpore."

"We are hoarding the locks of a lady that's dead,
 "Who foully was murder'd by you ;
 "And have sworn, for each hair of that innocent head,
 "A forfeit of mutinous blood shall be paid,
 "And a life from your cowardly crew."

Then the weary and war-worn ceased to repine,
 And women and children to wail,
 For "the Campbells are coming," and "auld lang syne,"
 From the right to the left of that list'ning line,
 Were heard on the orient gale.

But who may describe the full joy that was there—
 By language, or picture, or pen—
 When those who had spoken farewell in despair—
 The mother and infant, the brave and the fair—
 Embraced one another again ?

Not the shepherds of Bethlehem, watching with care—
On the night of that hallowed morn—
Could have felt more of rapture, or gladness more rare,
When the bright herald angels proclaim'd through the air,
That the Saviour of mankind was born.

And now let us echo the peals that arose—
When the heroes of Havelock were seen—
From the sons of the *Thistle*, the *Shamrock*, and *Rose*,
As they hurl'd their contempt at their dastardly foes,
By shouting "God save our good Queen!"

*

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FRAGMENTS FROM A REJECTED ADDRESS.

* * * * *

Nor this great land must I forget ;
A brilliant future waits her yet.
Now that her lethargy is broken,
And fame her destiny bespoken,
Who that within her bounds reside,
Can mark her progress without pride ?
Proud may her sons be of their soil ;
It well repays their care and toil.
Proud of their own dear native land,
Her splendid lakes and forests grand ;
Her inexhaustible resources
Of mineral wealth and water courses,
That, unexplored and hidden, lie
Unseen—as yet—by mortal eye ;
Her bracing climate, pure and clear—
Her cities rising far and near ;—
Her seats and villas for retirements,—

Her scientific new acquirements ;—
Tugs, railways, docks, and ocean steamers,
The wonder of her ancient dreamers ;
Her harbors, bays, and noble rivers ;
Her cataract, where nature quivers
And trembles at the awful sound,
For more than thirty miles around,
As if an earthquake shook the ground ;
He who can look upon that flood,
And calmly say there is no God,
May well th' Almighty's anger brave,
For he no soul has got to save.

Ye poor, oppress'd or toil-worn strangers,
To whom her snows and wintry dangers
Are magnified by idle tales,
Come here and view her fertile vales,
If competence be your desire,
Or liberty your bosom's fire :
You'll find, when to her shores you come,
An independent, happy home.

* * * * *

And now I'll take my promised flight
On fancy's wings, to some great height
In other skies, from us afar,
Where Phœbus mounts his morning car ;
Where I, unseen, and free from skaith,
May watch the busy world beneath.
While hov'ring high on airy pinions,
O'er empires, kingdoms, and dominions,
And o'er that lovely little isle,—

Still blest by fortune's fav'ring smile,—
 Where rest the ashes of our fathers,
 And where a nation round her gathers
 Her bravest sons—when peace is flown—
 To guard their country and the throne,
 Or sends them forth, in hostile bands,
 With cheerful hearts and willing hands,—
 Where desolating war is seen,—
 To serve a dear, a much-lov'd Queen ;
 To curb ambition's mad career,
 And free the world from slavish fear ;
 Or quell the perjur'd rebel brood,
 Who loathe the hands that gave them food—
 Exult in woman's dying groans,
 In savage and terrific tones—
 And purple half the Ganges' flood
 With women's and with children's blood.
 Such deeds to heaven for vengeance cry
 On murder and idolatry.
 Tis come : a stern, unflinching band
 Of heroes from our fatherland
 Will soon their ruthless pow'r annul :
 The measure of their sins is full,
 And men will yet that region see
 Th' abode of Christianity,—
 Land of fair women and brave men,
 Who dare gainsay our loud amen ?
 * * * * *
 When rising liberty's bright rays—
 Forth bursting with a noontide blaze—

Shine from the Baltic's rocky shores,
To where the Ural's stream outpours,
And from the Black sea to the White,
'Neath freedom's banners all unite ;
When Russian serfs become free men,
In city, forest, steppe and glen,
And to their sons that name bequeath ;—
Then Europe may her sabre sheath :
But while the northern despot waves
His truncheon o'er a million slaves,
All furnish'd well with warlike gear,
O, let her keep her bright sword bare ;
Her pow'rs and potentates cemented ;
Her hardy sons well arm'd and tented :
Then, should the grisly monster dare—
As late he did—t' o'erleap his lair,—
Though rank on rank should fall, once more,
Upon the wild Crimean shore,
'Till death the purple current drains
From ev'ry freeborn soldier's veins,—
He'll meet the Russian bear again,
And hurl him backward to his den !

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

"Yesterday, in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal, the bells of the English Cathedral rang out a merry peal at noon. Yesterday evening, on receipt of intelligence of the death of Gen. Havelock, the English cathedral bells rang a muffled peal."—*Newspaper paragraph.*

God save the young Princess, Britannia's pride—
The rose-bud of England fair—
And her consort, the prince of dominions wide ;
God bless the young bridegroom and beautiful bride,
And prosper the Royal pair.

The merry bells rang this peal at noon day ;
But, long ere that day was done,
Sad tidings of woe, from a land far away,
Came, borne by the breeze, o'er the salt sea spray,
And the merry bells chang'd their tone ;

And slowly, solemnly, muffled, and deep,
Went toll—toll—toll.
Kneel with thy children, Britannia, and weep,
For Havelock is gone to his last long sleep,—
His spirit has reached its goal.

And slowly, solemnly, muffled, and deep,
Toll—toll—toll—
Rang in mine ears, 'till I lay down to sleep ;
When Time, in a vision, before me did sweep,
And seem'd to chime over this scroll :—

THE DIRGE OF TIME.

Time travelleth night and day,
Sweeping away
All that man's heart holds dear,
Year after year.
Love, friendship, youth and age ;
Simple and sage ;
King, conqueror, slave, base men and men of note,—
Peasant and peer,—
All, all on life's swift stream—like snow-falls—float,
Then disappear.

Fraught is the orient gale
With sounds of wail,
Borne from Britannia's breast,
O'er ocean's crest,
To lands that own her sway,
And ever may ;
While in her children's hearts as brightly burns
The patriot's glow,
As erst it did in his for whom she mourns,
With deep-felt woe.

Death, thy unerring dart,
Hath reached a heart—
Brave, gen'rous, wise and good—
That long withstood
Dark fiends with murd'rous hands.
Ye loyal bands,
That to your Queen and laws still firmly cling,
Well may you weep,
And pledge his memory round the mournful ring,
In silence deep.

The toils and cares of life,
Or soldiers' strife,
Can break his rest no more ;
The breast that bore,
Or should have borne, a star
And gifts of war,
Earth claims and covers ; reptiles round it creep.
Think this not hard,
For his immortal part hath risen to reap
Virtue's reward.

The ways of God to man
Try not to scan ;
Give sceptic doubts no scope—
Let faith and hope
Cheer on life's weary way ;
And when the day
Of thy departure from this world shall come,
Then may be given
A crown of glory and a happy home,
With him in heaven.

S O N G .

AIR.—GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WITH YOU ALL.

Farewell, my friends and comrades dear ;
No more can I these strains prolong :
On my rude harp oft falls a tear—
'Tis now unmeet for mirthful song ;
For I am as the withered leaf
That hangs on yonder tree alone,
And seems, like me, to droop with grief,
O'er kindred leaflets, dead and gone.

When spring returns, that tree will bear
And blossom, as it did before ;
But is there aught in nature fair
Can my lost ones to me restore ?
No ! no ! but there's a world above,
A land where nought e'er fades or dies :
There we, through our Redeemer's love,
Shall meet once more, beyond the skies.

Then let me, 'till life's sun shall set,
No more of heaven's decrees complain ;
For why should I lost friends regret ?
Tears will not bring them back again.
The few I've yet, to me are dear,
And none on earth my foes I call ;
So I may sing, with heart sincere :
" Good night, and joy be with you all."

F I N I S .

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GLOSSARY OF SCOTTISH WORDS.

A

A', all.
Aboon, above.
Ae, one.
Aft, oft.
Ain, own.
An', and ; if.
Amang, among.
Auld, old.
Auld lang syne, olden time ;
 days of other years.
Ane, one.
Awa', away.

B

Bairn, child.
Baith, both.
Bield, shelter.
Blaw, blow.
Bonnie, handsome ; beautiful.
Brae, slope of a hill.
Braw, fine ; handsome.
Bughtin, collecting the sheep in
 the pens.
Buirdly, stout made ; broad
 built.
To busk, to dress.

C

Ca', call.
Cauld, cold.
Cairn, a rustic monument.
Cantie, cheerful ; merry.
Carl, an old man.
To clead, to clothe.
Cuif, or *coof*, a blockhead.
Cozie, snug, comfortable.
Croon, crown.

D

Daddie, father.
Dearie, diminutive of dear.
Deavin, deafening.
Dinna, do not.
Daurna, dare not.
Dool, sorrow.
Doo, dove, pigeon.
Drumlie, muddy.
Dawtie, dear, pet.

E

Ee, eye.
Eerie, gloomy, frightened.

F

Fa, fall, lot, fate.
Faes, foes.
Faem, foam of the sea.
Fecht, fight.
Frae, from.
Freen, friend.
Fu' full.
Faither, father.

G

Gar, make.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gear, riches.
Gie, give.
Gin, if, against.
Glaive, sword.
Glint, peep.
Gloamin, twilight.
Gowany, covered with daisies.
Gowd, gold.
Guidman, husband.

H

Ha' hall.
Hae, have.
Hame, home.
Han', hand.
Hecht, promised.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Howlet, owl.

I

Ilk, each.
Ise, I shall.

K

Ken, know.
Kin, kindred.
Knowe, knoll, hillock.

L

Laddie, diminutive of lad.
Lammie, diminutive of lamb.
Lang, long.
Leal, loyal.
Lintie, linnet.
Loon, ragamuffin.
Loup, jump, leap.

M

Mair, more.
Maist, most.
Mak, make.
'Mang, 'mong.
Maun, must.
Mell, to be intimate with.
Mither, mother.
Mony, many.

N

Naebody, nobody.
Nane, none.

O

O', of.

P

Pibroch, a martial air on the bagpipes.
Poortith, poverty.

R

Rin, run.
To Roose, to praise.

S

Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, sore.
Saut, salt.
Scaith, injury, damage.
Skirl, to scream shrilly.
Speat, a sweeping torrent.
Speel, climb.
Speer, ask.
Stalwart, stately, strong, stout.
Sten, to leap suddenly.
Stown, stolen.

T

Tak, take,
Tap, top.

W

Wae, woe.
Wee, little.
Weel, well.
Wimplin, meandering.
Winsome, gay, handsome.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Winna, will not.
Wale, choose.
Wha, who.
Wi' with.

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E R R A T A .

PAGE.

LINE.

9	7	For a few remarks contrasted with, &c., read <i>a few remarks on the past as contrasted &c.</i>
33	10	For <i>the</i> read <i>thy</i> .
37	19	Erase <i>which</i> .
38	21	For " Love's like the lintwhite lintie," read <i>Love's is like the lintie's sang.</i>
40	10	For <i>men</i> read <i>men mad</i> .
42	8	For <i>were</i> read <i>wore</i> .
46	5	For <i>fearful</i> read <i>peaceful</i> .
47	4	For <i>daunts</i> read <i>daunt</i> .
81	15	For <i>wide</i> read <i>wild</i> .
94	10	For <i>truth</i> read <i>ruth</i> .
120	18	For <i>o'erturned</i> read <i>o'erturning</i> .